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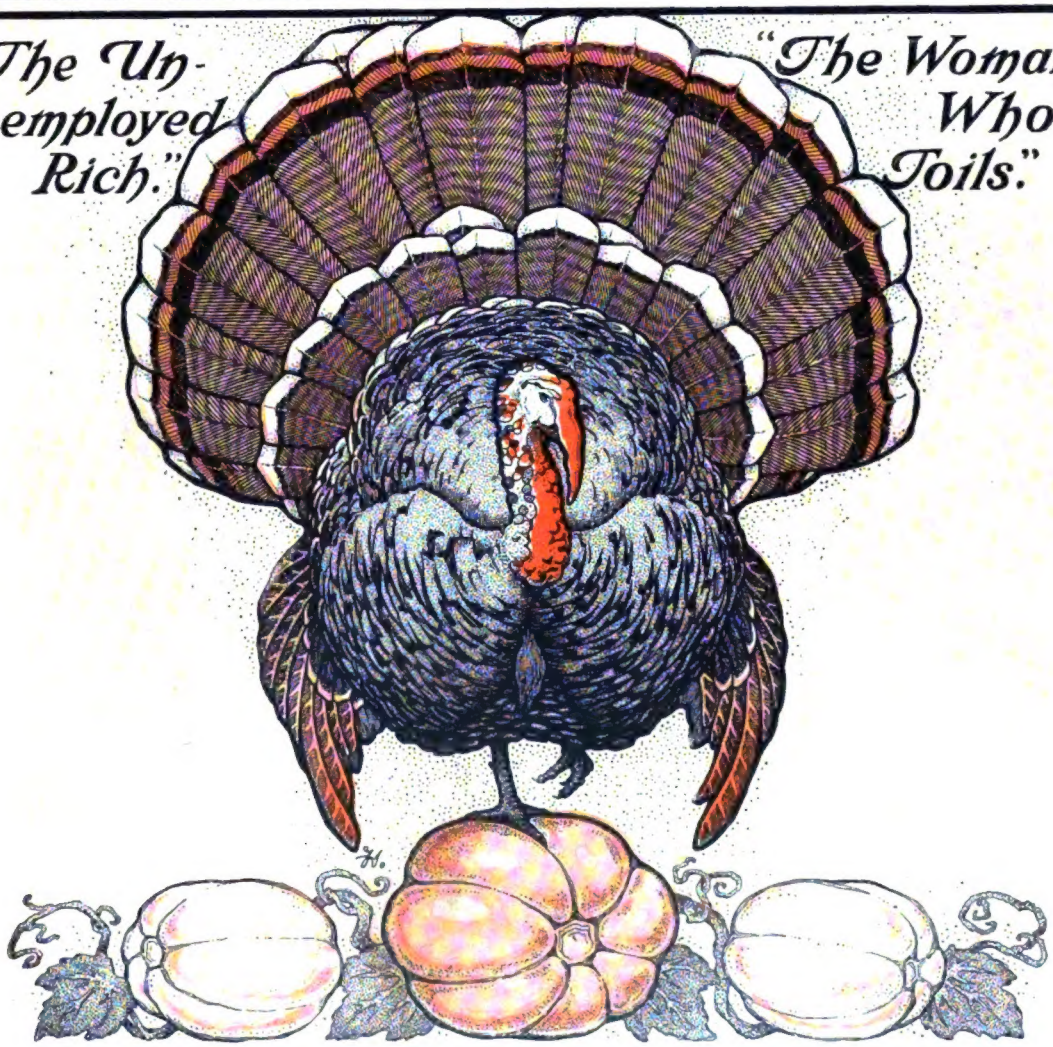
Everybody's Magazine

"The Unemployed Rich."

"The Woman Who Toils."



John Wanamaker Publisher

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It beautifies the complexion, keeps the hands white and fair and imparts a constant bloom of freshness to the skin.

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THE PRESIDENT'S MOTHER.

Who was the daughter of Major James Stephens Bulloch, of Roswell, Caleb County, Georgia.

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL VII. NOVEMBER, 1902. NO. 5.

JOURNEY'S END

BY JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY KARL ANDERSON.

CHAPTER I.

OUT on deck it was raining. Young Calthrop paused in the companion-way and buttoned his raincoat under his chin and pulled down his cap. Inside it was warm and bright and comfortable. The men loafing about the stair-rail where the steamer rugs hung called out to him cheerily, and from the music room forward he heard the little white and gold piano tinkling, and the nice voice of the pretty young Canadian girl, who had eyes like turquoises, singing "The Bonnie, Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomond." But Calthrop seemed not to be in quite the mood for fishing-stories, nor for Scotch music, nor for the warm comfort of the cabin, for he stepped out upon the deserted deck and made his way forward as far as the promenade deck extended, till he stood by the big ship's bell under the bridge, where the wind beat the breath back into his throat and nostrils, and stung his eyes, and snapped the skirts of his long coat behind his legs like a whip lash. He watched the bow sink in a smother of dim gray foam and heave up again toward the sky with a roar of great seas. He watched the foremast swing and plunge and quiver drunkenly, and followed with his eyes the huge white-crested seas that swung into the little circle of light about the ship and out of it again with a vicious slap against the steel plates that they couldn't harm. And it seemed good to him—seemed to satisfy a certain inner restlessness, soothe with its tumult a certain other insistent tumult that had been threatening all the day to engulf him. He thrust his face stubbornly against the wind, and stared into the wet gloom where lay that strange America of which he knew so little and hoped so much.

He stood every evening by the rail watching Venus, the great clear, blazing star that hung to the west, and wondering about the unknown land that lay beneath it. The star had seemed to give him courage, to brighten his hopes, to quicken his imagination, till he was all brave eagerness for the struggle ahead of him; and the things back there in England where the smoke was going seemed already dim and pale and alien. But this black, wet night had seemed to take all the bravery out of him—had seemed to rob that land out in the west of all its bright allurements, and to people it with disappointments and terrors. The "things back there in England" had grown suddenly very dear and fresh in his mind, very consequential, till he was sick for the sight and feeling and smell of home, and very rebellious against the fate that had driven him out from it.

Young Calthrop's father, who was distant cousin to the Earl of Oxbridge and to the old Duke of Strope, had died some two months since, of heart failure, superinduced partly—as afterwards appeared—by financial worry, and partly by an unwise and wholly gratuitous attempt to surpass all former efforts at cursing the elder branch of his family, and in particular the two above-mentioned gentlemen—which was a habit he had.

Everybody, including young Calthrop, had supposed that there would be a great deal of money, for although there were no entailed estates in the younger branch, there had always been more money than was needed to live upon, and the old gentleman just dead had been very successful in certain operations in the "city" a number of years before, more than doubling his patrimony. But when, after the funeral

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THE RAGGED SKY LINE OF NEW YORK

in Brook Street, old Moxam, the family solicitor, had called the sole heir into the darkened study, and had read the will and explained those recent disasters in American stocks, the boy began to realize that he was considerably worse off than the tailor in Bond Street, who always smirked and rubbed his hands so obsequiously when you went into the shop, or than the bank clerk who dodged under your horse's nose to catch his penny 'bus.

"You will have," said old Moxam gently, "just about one hundred pounds a year—that is, if the town house here sells as it should, and if Sir Chester takes the place down in Devon," and the old man's voice shook just a little in spite of his hems and haws, for he had been attached to the Calthrops a great many years, and really loved the boy.

"What am I going to do?" demanded young Calthrop. "One hundred pounds won't pay for my clothes."

The solicitor crossed his knees and looked away.

"I see nothing for it but to apply to your cousins for an annuity," he said. Young Calthrop dropped his hand rather sharply upon the big oak table.

"When I have tried driving an omnibus," said he, frowning, "and have failed at that, and when I have tried sweeping crossings and grown too weak, I may chuck myself off Waterloo bridge, or take poison, but I won't ask money or anything else of either Oxbridge or the Duke; and you know it, too."

The old man breathed a little sigh that might have been relief.

"Why, then," he cried cheerfully, "we'll have to think up something else. It will mean work, my boy—work of some sort; but we'll arrange somehow. Take a day or two for thinking it over and then we'll have another talk."

The young man leaned over the rail and tried to look back judiciously upon his final decision, to consider it with perfect impartiality, and he could not see that it had been anything but imperative. Perhaps it was cowardly to cut and run, but he hadn't the courage to stop there, where everyone knew him, and go into a bank.

During that "day or two" he had pictured himself rushing about the "city" with a book chained to him, meeting here and there some man who would know him and would look back over his shoulder at him, and stroll on shaking his head with a vague sort of pity. He had pictured himself taking a stroll in the park, on a bank holiday, or venturing into the Church parade at the Corner, and receiving embarrassed, commiserating nods from the women at whose houses he had been used to lounge or dance.

No; that sort of a thing was out of the question. He would cut it all, he had decided; go out to America and make a fortune, no matter how—selling things over a counter if need be. He had a friend out there somewhere—in New York, he believed, a chap he had known at Cambridge, son of a certain well-known writer and Birthday Knight. This chap had quarrelled with his governor and cut away on his own hand. He would write to him, he determined, ask him to look up some sort of situation, and then—why, then he would go out there and forget—till the fortune should be made—that there was any such place as England, and such things as Picadilly and Pall Mall, as clubs and restaurants, as shooting in Autumn, as gorse and heather, and may—— Ah, well, never mind all that!

And so here he was at last, with England far behind him in the dark, and his face turned steadfastly toward that America where lay the fortune he was to make. The other chap's letter, Strothers's letter answering his own, had not been quite as enthusiastic as he could have wished; but then, Strothers was probably picking up some of

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that curious Yankee shrewdness and caution that the newspapers talked so much of. But Strothers or no Strothers, the die was cast, and in two days he was to step upon the soil of the Western Hemisphere.

"Anyhow," said he philosophically, "it will be something of a lark." But the shoulders dropped again. "If only it weren't for Molly!" said young Calthrop.

CHAPTER II.

STROTHERS was not at the pier to meet him. Instead, a letter was brought on board with the quarantine and customs officers, in the Bay, saying that Strothers had been suddenly sent off out to Chicago by the house for which he was working. He hoped to return in a fortnight; but meanwhile recommended to Calthrop his lodging place in West Twenty-fourth Street. He said it was not ornamental, but very central and reasonably cheap. Calthrop had not been in the way of looking up 'reasonably cheap" things of any nature, but he realized with a sigh that from this time onward everything must be cheap.

He looked up from the letter to admire the Goddess of Liberty on her little island, and to gaze at the great city that was coming into view. A slight mist hung over the water and hid the low-lying objects on shore. Above it towered the ragged sky line of New York, with its steeples and sky-scraping office buildings.

Calthrop thought the effect rather fine. It seemed to him exactly like Mont St. Michel, though, of course, much bigger. At the pier he was alarmed, and had serious thoughts of sending a messenger boy to the office of the British Consul, for the customs officers seemed to have taken him for an especially lawless and dangerous smuggler. They asked him a great many absurd questions, and pried about in his boxes as if they suspected him of designs upon the President of these United States.

He took a cab, a four-wheeler. The tariff made him gasp. "Eight shillings for a two-

MOLLY.

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mile course!" he cried. "Good Lord, a breakfast ought to cost a guinea!"—and drove up to Twenty-fourth Street. At the number Strothers had given him all the rooms were let, but the maid, a negress, recommended the house next door, where Calthrop found to his astonished delight an Englishwoman installed, a relic of Russell Square, Bloomsbury, who wept and praised God at his crisp English speech, and curtsied and said "Thank you, sir," with a freedom lavish enough to have made her American lodgers turn faint.

There was a two-pair-back vacant, a fairly large square room with an outlook upon two great alder trees that hid the clothes lines and ash tins beneath. The woman declared that the room had never before been let for less than six dollars a week,—"twenty-four bob," said Calthrop, mentally—"but you shall 'ave it, sir, for five. That's a sovereign."

Calthrop said at once that he would take it, but asked where he was to sleep, and was greatly astonished when the woman laid hold of a high chest of drawers with a mirror in the centre and pulled it down upon the floor, transforming it into a bed.

"By Jove, you know!" he cried, "but they're clever, these Yankees! Fancy sleeping in the back side of a chest of drawers, with a mirror under you! Is there anything that falls over and makes a tea table or a bath?" And Mrs. Stubbs proved her nationality by shaking her head gravely and showing him the little wash room, with hot and cold water, that opened near the bed-chiffonier, and the electric bell to call a servant. She promised to send up a tea tray in an hour—it was four of the afternoon—and waddled heavily downstairs (for she was fat) to boast to the advertising agent and his yellow haired wife, who occupied the parlor floor, of the imposing young gentleman "stright from Myfair" who was to honor her roof.

During the first few days young Calthrop was greatly at a loss how to proceed. He had so confidently expected the assistance and advice of the departed Strothers that he had taken no pains to find out anything about the character or geography of New York. Strothers in his hasty letter had mentioned two or three mercantile houses which were, he believed, in need of clerks, and one political gentleman, with an address somewhere East, who was under certain obligations to Strothers and might put Strothers's friend in the way of something good. But when young Calthrop called at these places, and upon the political friend—whom he thought a very curious person indeed to be high in the ranks of a great municipal government—and upon certain other business concerns whose advertisements he cut out of the morning newspapers, he seemed not to be treated with proper seriousness.

The men, heads of departments or even proprietors, took their cigars out of their mouths and stared at young Calthrop's smartly cut morning coat, and explained, with an amused look in their eyes, that what they wanted, if anything at all, was just a plain, common man or boy to do clerical work at clerical wages; and when Calthrop protested that he was just a plain, common man who wanted clerical work to do, they only laughed (which made him turn red and embarrassed), and shook their heads humorously at him.

Some of them asked him in a perfunctory sort of way what experience he had had in their special line of work, and when he admitted no experience at all, but professed great willingness to learn, they seemed annoyed, as if they regretted having wasted a moment's time upon him.

He had expected something so different that it made him very sore and sick at heart, and, at low moments, despondent. This was generally at evening when he had nothing to do, and was reduced to sitting forlornly in his room or walking up and down Broadway, where the theatres shone brightly behind their illuminated signs, and where men stood in argumentative knots under the names, in great electric letters, of once-celebrated prize fighters. At such times his mind would be miserably full of a certain other life out across the sea. He would think, striking the pavement savagely with his stick, of what all the people he knew would be doing at just this hour of the evening; of the good quiet dinners at the clubs he had been wont to frequent, or at the Carleton or Prince's; and of going later to Mr. Wyndam's new piece in Leicester Square; or the musical comedy at Daly's, or the Shaftesbury; or perhaps for a nice comfortable after-dinner hour at some house where he was informally welcome, before looking in at a dance to finish the night.

He stared at the smart-looking people who were stepping out of their broughams

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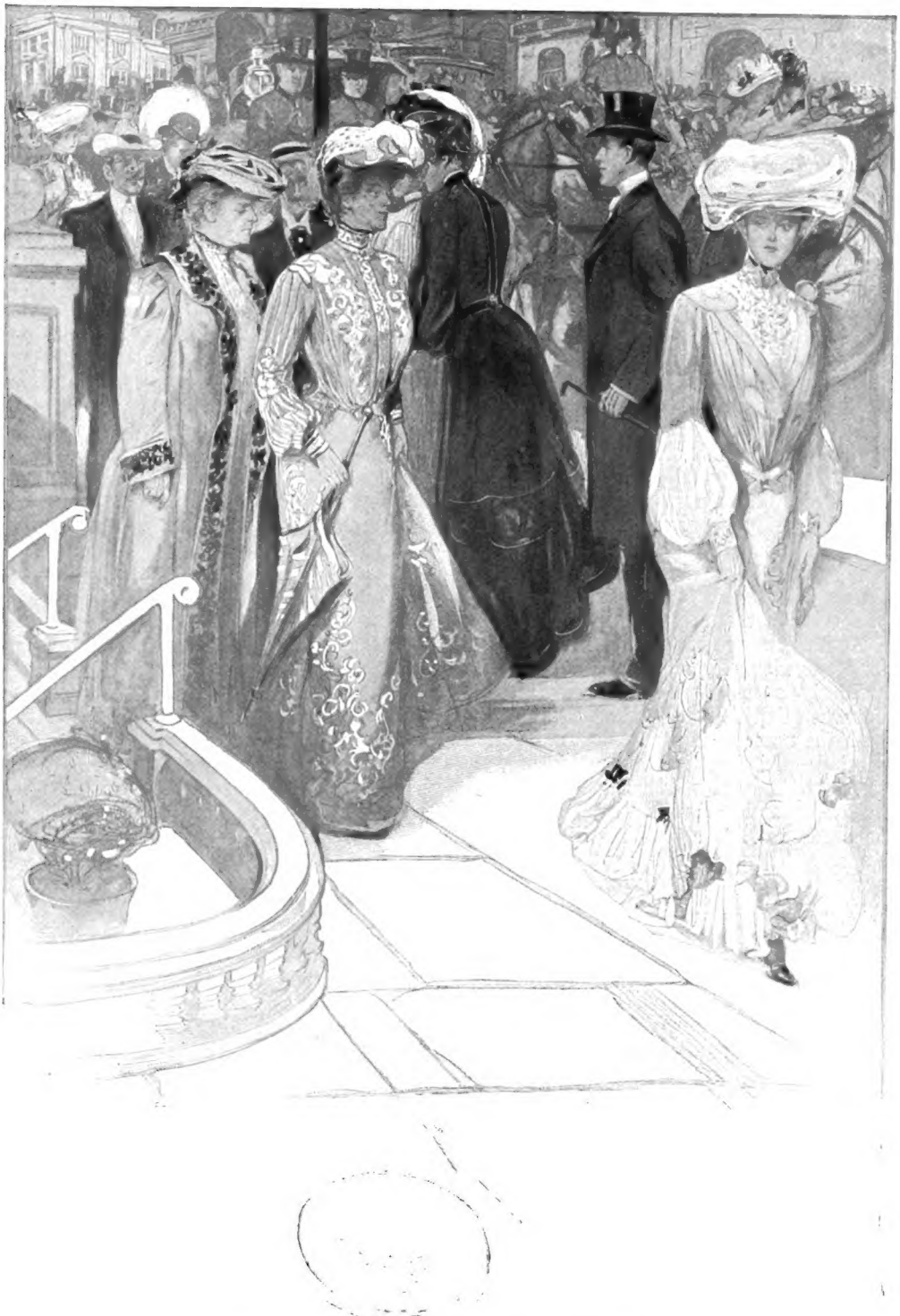

CALTHROP SEES THE CHURCH PARADE ON FIFTH AVENUE.

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into the theatres, or out of clanging trams—no, street cars; there weren't any trams here—he couldn't understand how women dressed like that could bring themselves to go out in common two pence ha'penny street cars with Italian laborers and shop girls and worse; and he compared them rather indignantly and very unjustly with the people going into the theatres at home, and made unpleasant remarks about them to himself, for all of which he was, later on, abjectly ashamed.

Then one morning, the fourth morning, he dropped in, with small hope, upon a certain shop in Broadway where photographs were sold. He had seen an advertisement in the morning paper to the effect that a salesman was desired here—one moderately familiar with the business. Of course, Calthrop had never sold photographs of Mont Blanc and of temporarily celebrated ballet girls, but he had always taken a great interest in theatrical affairs and people, and knew many of the latter at home and on the Continent. It seemed to him that he might be of service in this sort of thing.

At first the proprietor, a pleasant looking foreigner with a French name, stared rather curiously at the well-dressed young man; but when Calthrop showed such a familiarity with the names and personalities of various great people, theatrical and otherwise, and seemed to know so well the big photographers in London and Paris and Vienna and Berlin, he began to look upon him with increased respect. Then, too, his appearance very probably spoke in his favor, for he was a very fine looking boy, and quite obviously a gentleman.

The proprietor asked him what wages he would expect, and explained that he had been paying twelve dollars a week to the salesman whom he had recently discharged, but that in consideration of Calthrop's apparent qualifications he was prepared to offer fifteen. Calthrop turned red with relief and delight. Fifteen dollars was sixty shillings, and in his present frame of mind sixty shillings seemed a great deal of money. He reflected that the two-pair-back in Twenty-fourth Street cost but twenty shillings. Thus he would have forty more for his meals and other things, not to mention the hundred quid a year that could always be relied upon.

He made arrangements to begin work the following morning, and stepped out into the hot sunlight of Broadway, swinging his stick jauntily and with the proud consciousness of being a wage-earner. He went into the bar of the Fifth Avenue Hotel and treated himself to a brandy and soda on the strength of it all, and very solemnly drank to himself and the brilliant prospect of sixty bob a week.

The work at the photograph shop proved very easy and not at all unpleasant. The photographs were for the most part kept in a sort of file of small drawers, labelled outside with the name of the dramatic star, or statesman, or danseuse, or famous military man, as the case might be. A few of the more recent portraits were exhibited in showcases or in the window. He spent the first few days familiarizing himself with the files, and found himself able to suggest, out of his knowledge of the large houses abroad, a great many important additions to the stock, till the delighted proprietor was on the point of raising his salary in sheer gratification. Being a Frenchman, however, he stopped just short of doing so.

He made so complete a conquest of the heart of the plain-faced, red-haired young woman who was his co-worker on the first day, that the proprietor was compelled more than once to request her to leave off leaning upon the counter and staring at young Calthrop and unpack the last importation of goods.

And then, in looking over the stock of pictures, Calthrop came upon a great number of portraits of *Her*. It seemed that she was just finishing her first year as a star, and these large pictures on the big gray cards had been made of her in the quaint old-fashioned costumes that she had worn in the very popular play. Calthrop had seen her in London two or three years before, where she had played small parts in the company of a very great English actor, and had thought her about the loveliest young woman he had ever seen—with one exception. He had read in the papers of her tremendous success as a star, but his own troubles had put all such things out of his mind. He looked up her name on the file, and took the little drawer out upon the counter. Many of the portraits had been taken in London, some of them in the characters that he remembered, and they were all very charming and most beautiful; but he preferred the later ones, the big ones on the gray cards, taken when she was a star, in queer flaring skirts and a forgotten coiffure, and rose buds in her soft hair.

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The plain young woman saw him looking at the pictures and came over to his side.

"Isn't she the most beautiful thing you ever saw?" cried the plain young woman. "And they say she is just as lovely as she is beautiful. Half the men in New York would like to die for her, though it would be so much more to the point if they'd live for her. She's only twenty-one years old, too! Think of it! Oh, it must be nice to be beautiful!" she said with a little sigh.

"Yes," agreed Calthrop, looking into the eyes of the young girl in the picture, "it must be nice to be as beautiful as that."

"I do hope," continued the young woman with the red hair, "that she'll have a good play for next year. Not that 'The Horse Guards' isn't a good play; it is, of course. It's one of the prettiest, funniest little plays I ever saw; but—well, Miss Berkeley can do so much more! She hasn't half a chance in 'The Horse Guards.' Ah," cried the plain young woman, "why doesn't some one write a play for her who loves her, who feels her capabilities for sweetness and strength. I'm not sure, but I think she could be great then."

Young Mr. Calthrop smiled gently down into the beautiful face on the big gray card, and the face seemed to him to smile in return, very slightly, rather questioningly.

"Now, I," said he, with a sort of grave mockery, "I might write her a play. I used always to be writing plays in my 'varsi—when I was a youngster; and I think I'm rapidly falling in love with her, too, or at least with this picture of her—the one sitting down, in the white dress and the rose buds, and just beginning to smile at you. Yes, I think I shall write a play for her."

The plain young woman with the red hair laughed appreciatively and moved away to attend a customer, but young Calthrop wrapped something carefully in white paper, and made out a sale check for one dollar and a half, which was cost price, for a large picture of Miss Evelyn Berkeley, one of those on the gray cards.

And that evening he went to see "The Horse Guards" at the Lyric theatre.

Chapter III.

THE heavy-eyed young man who lived in the room above knocked at Calthrop's half-opened door and said, "May I come in? I want to borrow a match," he explained as he entered. "The old girl's pretty close on matches." Calthrop judged the "old girl" to be the relic of Bloomsbury.

"Seems like such near neighbors ought to get acquainted anyway," pursued the visitor. "Say, these wax matches are all right, ain't they? London make?"

"Yes," said young Calthrop; "Bryant and

"WHAT EVELYN BERKELEY WANTS IS A PLAY," SAID THE ACTOR.

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May's vestas. I don't fancy wooden matches; they go out."

The young man with the heavy eyes tilted his very bad cigar at an aggressive angle in one corner of his mouth and strolled about the room with his hands in. his pockets. He noted with a quick eye the row of photographs in gold frames along the mantel—photographs of a sort of people with which he had never come in contact; he called them "swells." He noted the silver brushes and bottles and flasks on the dressing stand, and the various little articles of luxury about the room that fitted so oddly into a Twenty-fourth Street lodging house.

He dropped into the rocking chair that the Englishman had pushed out for him, and carefully adjusted the knees of his trousers, a proceeding which young Calthrop watched with the greatest interest.

"You don't happen to be in the professional line?" said the young man.

"Professional?" enquired Calthrop. "Oh, I see; theatrical. No, I am not an actor. I sell photographs of them, however, in a shop over on Broadway."

The visitor gasped slightly and ventured another glance at the photographs and silver toilet articles.

"Oh—ah, yes," said he. "Yes, of course. Somehow I had an idea that you were an actor. You look like one."

"Oh," said young Calthrop.

"I'm with Horne down at the Fourteenth Street," volunteered the American. "Small part," he added loftily, "but I threw over a fat thing uptown. They didn't treat me well—tried to do me; but I wouldn't stand for it. Professional jealousy," he sighed, shaking his head, "professional jealousy is the devil!" His tone would seem to indicate that he had suffered much and deeply therefrom.

"What do you think," he demanded presently, "of the New York stage?"

"Well, you know, I've not seen anything but 'The Horse Guards,' said Calthrop, "but I think that was very jolly. Miss Berkeley's worth going a long way to see, isn't she?"

"Evelyn Berkeley," said the visitor impressively, "is the best—you hear me? the best! Why, man, she's nothing but a kid yet—she's only twenty or twenty-one—but she has possibilities that no one can see the end of. She's a beauty, she was pretty nearly born on the stage—and that signifies a lot—and further than that, she's got a soul. There's no end to what that young woman will be able to do—if she don't marry or lose her head, or some such foolishness. The papers are always engaging her to somebody, you know. Now, what Evelyn Berkeley wants, Calthrop, is a play. Oh, I'm not saying that 'The Horse Guards' isn't well enough; it's a good play, a pretty one, and a dainty one. It's had a great run, and a good man wrote it; but it's not up to her, not by a darn sight! She's good for something bigger. If I knew a man who could write a good play, do you know what I'd say to him? I'd say, 'Jones, you sit down at your desk, and you stick up in front of you one of these big 'Horse Guard' pictures of Evelyn Berkeley, and you look at it till you don't see anything else and don't think of anything else, and then you write a play around that girl! You write the heart and soul straight out of you and I'll make both you and her great!' That's what I'd say to him. That's what Evelyn Berkeley needs—a play written up to her. Talk about your Mary Andersons! You wait ten years and see what becomes of Evelyn Berkeley, if she can get the vehicle to carry her where she belongs!"

Young Calthrop thought of the plain, red-haired young woman in the photograph shop.

"I'd jolly well like to be the chap to do it," said he.

"Of course you would!" said the American; "so would I, and so would many another poor devil; but we can't do it. Somebody will, though; you wait and see. Ah, well, I must be going on. I've a date to keep. Come up and see me sometime. I'm on the floor above. So long! See you again." And he stamped noisily out and up the stairs.

"Queer lot, that chap!" said Calthrop, lighting his pipe afresh. "Now, at home, I'd pick him for a shocking bounder, but you can't tell about these Americans, they're so peculiar."

But the "queer lot" up in his three-pair-back was knotting a cravat of blazing red, and saying to himself that he must manage to see a good deal of that young Englishman for the sake of the accent. He had been struggling for some months now, with weird results, to acquire the English accent affected by his star, but he had certain well-founded suspicions that the star's speech was not

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quite the real thing. Indeed, if the truth were told, it was, if suggestive of anything trans-Atlantic, faintly redolent of Whitechapel and the old Kent road.

Calthrop finished with the great heap of illustrated Sunday newspapers which had been affording him a new and unbounded delight, and got into a frock coat for a stroll. He went over through Twenty-fourth Street to Madison Square, and being by this time fairly well grounded in the city's geography, turned up Fifth Avenue.

There seemed to be no end of people out, though it was nearly the last of June and a warm day, and they were very interesting people. Calthrop had never seen so many really beautiful women together in all his life; all sorts of women, for they were obviously of many classes. It seemed as if there must be some sort of competition in progress and as if Fifth Avenue were the ring. He found himself looking about humorously for the judge's stand.

He noted approvingly that they dressed well, rather more like French women than English, and they all seemed to have beautiful figures. "I think I'm glad I came," said young Calthrop with a pleased little laugh.

He noticed that as he went farther up the avenue, the quality of the crowd improved. There were fewer ladies who favored him with sidelong glances, and who held their skirts too tightly about them; and more of the sort to remind him of "Church Parade" at home, who held their chins well up in the air, and talked to their companions in sweet high voices, and had no eyes for the passers-by.

MISS EVELYN BERKELEY.

But it was the men who surprised him most. They fitted so oddly into this throng of lovely and wonderfully groomed women. They seemed undersized for the most part, and very pale and anaemic. They walked badly, as if not used to exercise, and their clothes were dreadful, Calthrop thought. Some of them, though comparatively few, were in the conventional frock coat and "topper," but such coats! and upon such figures! And most of them were in the

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lounge jacket and bowler hat or straw-boater that Calthrop had been taught to believe were designed for wear in the country, or while travelling. He didn't care at all for the men.

They made him uncomfortable, too, by staring at him—both the men and the women—as if he were something strange and unusual. He could tell by the sound of their footsteps upon the stone pavement that many of them turned to look back after they had passed. Of course all this annoyed him greatly, and reduced him to fumbling nervously at his cravat to see if that could be out of place, and to glancing covertly at his boots, and even to taking off his hat and inspecting its unblemished surface.

"Now, what the deuce is the matter with me?" he wondered; "I can't see that anything's out of the way." It did not occur to him that the people's stares might be admiration for his extremely handsome face and good figure, and perhaps of curiosity at his very smartly made and unmistakably English coat.

He walked far up the avenue, past the Cathedral of St. Patrick, and across the plaza at Fifty-ninth Street, and along the edge of the Park, where the character of the strolling throng altered and became middle-class again, and turned into the Park at Eighty-third Street to watch the driving, over which he shook his head sadly.

"They've jolly good horses," said he, "and very fairly smart carriages, too—though where the fun comes in in driving about shut up in a brougham I don't quite see—but bless you, they can't drive."

He spoke to the red-haired young woman about it the next morning, but the red-haired young woman confessed to knowing very, very little about horses, or their government when in motion. She said that trolley cars were more in her line

(To be Continued)

IN NOVEMBER.

By Martha Gilbert Dickinson.

SEEN through bare branches stript of leafy grace,
Whose nests lie open to the stars,
The captive sun lifts up a Summer face
Behind the Winter's prison bars!

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VIEW OF THE KNITTING MILLS AT PERRY, FROM ACROSS THE RIVER.

THE WOMAN THAT TOILS.

Experiences of a Literary Woman as a Working Girl.

By Bessie Van Vorst.

Illustrated by G. Alden Pierson.

[The following is an account of the writer's actual experiences while working for purposes of investigation side by side with the girls of a great factory. It is the third of a series of five articles to appear in this magazine, of which two have been written by her sister-in-law, Miss Marie Van Vorst, the well-known novelist and daughter of the late Judge Van Vorst, Chancellor of the State of New York.—Editor.]

ANY journey into the world, any research of literature, any study of society demonstrates the existence of two distinct classes designated as the rich and the poor, the fortunate and the unfortunate, the upper and the lower, the educated and the uneducated. Few of us who belong to the former category have come into more than brief contact with the laborers who, in the factories or elsewhere, gain from day to day a livelihood more or less insufficient for their needs. Yet all of us are troubled by their struggle; all of us recognize the misery of their surroundings, the paucity of their moral and æsthetic inspiration, their lack of opportunity for physical development. All of us have a longing, pronounced or latent, to help them, to alleviate their distress, to better their condition in some, in every way.

Now, concerning this unknown class whose oppression we deplore, we have two sources of information: the financiers who, for their own material advancement, use the laborer as a means; and the philanthropists who consider the poor as objects of charity to be treated sentimentally, or as economic cases to be studied theoretically. It is not by economics nor by the distribution of bread alone that we can find a solution for the social problem. More important for the happiness of man is the hope we cherish of eventually bringing about a reign of justice and equality upon earth.

It is evident that, in order to render practical aid to this class, we must live among

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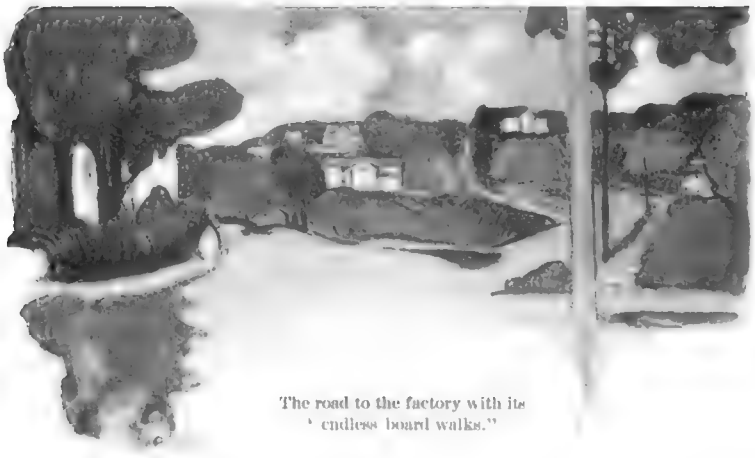

The road to the factory with its "endless board walks."

them, discover and adopt their point of view, put ourselves in their surroundings, assume their burdens, unite with them in their daily efforts. In this way alone, and not by forcing upon them a preconceived ideal, can we do them real good, can we help them to find a moral, spiritual, æsthetic standard suited to their condition of life. Such an undertaking is impossible for most people. Sure of its utility, inspired by its practical importance, I determined to make the sacrifice it entailed, and to learn by experience and observation what these could teach. I set out to surmount physical fatigue and revulsion, to place my intellect and sympathy in contact as a medium between the working girl who wants help and the more fortunately situated who wish to help her. In the papers which follow I have endeavored to give a faithful picture of things as they exist both in and out of the factory, and to suggest remedies that occurred to me as practical. My desire is to act as a mouth-piece for the woman laborer. It has been my purpose to find out what her capacity is for suffering and for joy, as compared with ours; whether her longing is toward civilization or toward nature; what the equipment of woman is as compared to that of man; her equipment as determined:

First, by nature;
Second, by family life;
Third, by social laws.

What her strength is and what her weaknesses are as compared to those of the woman of leisure, and finally, to discern the tendencies of a new society as manifested by its working girls.

After many weeks spent among them as one of them, I have come away convinced that no earnest effort for their betterment is fruitless. I am hopeful that my faithful descriptions will perhaps suggest to the hearts of those who read personal and general help to that class who, through the sordidness and squalor of their material surroundings, the limitation of their opportunities, are condemned to slow death. If into their prison's midst, after the reading of these lines, a single death pardon should be carried, my work shall not have been in vain.

THE KNITTING MILLS AT PERRY.

SOMEWHERE in the Western part of New York State, one of my comrades at the Pittsburg pickle works* had told me that there was a town whose population was chiefly composed of mill hands. The name of the place was Perry, and I decided upon it as offering the typical American civilization among the working classes, a place where the factory girl could best be studied—her domestic, religious and sentimental life. New England is too free of grafts to give more than a single aspect; Pittsburg is an international bazaar, but the foundations of Perry are laid with bricks from all parts of the world, held together by a strong American cement.

Perry, the terminus of the line, was a frame station lodged on stilts in a sea of surrounding mud. There were no noises to be heard except those that came from a neighboring country upon whose peace the small town had not far encroached: the splash of a horse and buggy through the mud,

* See EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE for September, 1902.

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a monotonous voice mingling with the steady tick of the telegraph machine, some distant barnyard chatter, and the mysterious, invisible stir of Spring shaking out upon the air damp, sweet odors, calling the earth to color and life. Descending the staircase which connected the railroad station with the hill-road on which it was perched, I joined a man who was swinging along in rubber boots, with several farming tools, rakes and hoes, slung over his shoulder. A repugnance I had felt in resuming my toil-worn clothes had led me to make certain modifications which I feared, in so small a town as Perry, might relegate me to the class I had voluntarily abandoned. The man in rubber boots looked me over as I approached bag in hand, and to my salutation he replied:

"Going down to the mill, I suppose; there's lots o' ladies comes in the train every day now." He was the perfection of tact; he placed me in one sentence as a mill hand and a lady.

"There's a lot of the girls left the mill yesterday. They cut the wages and some of the oldest hands got right out. There's more than a thousand of 'em on the pay-roll, but I guess you can make good money if you're ready to work."

We had reached Main Street, which, owing to the absence of a trolley, had retained a certain individuality. My guide stopped at a corner butcher-shop.

"Follow the board walk," was the simple command I received. "Keep right along until you come to the mill." I presently fell in with a drayman, who was calling alternately to his horse as it sucked in and out of the mud, and to a woman on the plank walk. She had on a hat with velvet and ostrich plumes, a black frock, and a side bag with a lace handkerchief. She was not young, and she wore spectacles; but there was something nervous about her step, a slight tremolo as she responded to the drayman, which suggested an adventure or the hope of it—something out of the ordinary, a voyage to the unknown. The board walk, leading inevitably to the mill, announced our common purpose and saved us an introduction.

"Going down to get work?" was the question we simultaneously asked each other. My companion, all eagerness, shook out the lace handkerchief in her side bag and explained:

"I don't have to work; my folks keep a hotel; but I always heard so much about Perry I thought I'd like to come up, and "—she sighed, with a flirt of the lace handkerchief and a contented glance round at the rows of white frame houses—"I'm up now."

"Want board?" the drayman called to me.

"I guess Mr. Morse will know the best place for you folks."

We had come at once to the factory and the end of the board walk. It was but a few minutes before Mr. Morse had revealed himself as the pivot, the human hub, the magnet around which the mechanism of the mill revolved and clung, sure of finding its proper balance. Tall, lank and meagre, with a wrinkled face and a furtive moustache, Mr. Morse made his rounds with a list of complaints and comments in one hand, a pencil in the other, and a black cap on his head, which tipped, indulgent, attentive to hear and overhear. His manner was professional. He looked at us, placed us, told us, to return at one o'clock, recommended a boarding-house, and, on his way to some other case, sent a small boy to accompany us on future stretches of board walk to our lodgings. The street we followed ended in a

"They trifle with love."

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rolling hillside; the Genesee Valley lay near us like a lake under the sky, and silhouetted against it were the factory chimney and buildings. The wood's edge came close to the town, whose yards prolong themselves into green meadows and farming lands. We knocked at a rusty screen door, and were welcomed with the cordiality of the country woman to whom all folks are neighbors, all strangers possible boarders. The house, built without mantelpiece or chimney, atoned for this cheerlessness with a large parlor stove, whose black arms carried warmth through floor and ceiling. A table was spread in the dining-room. A loud ticking clock with a rusty bell marked the hour from a shelf on the wall; and out of the kitchen, seen in vista, came a spluttering sound of frying food. Our hostess took us into the parlor. Several family pictures of stony-eyed women and men with chin beards, and a life-sized Frances Willard in chromo, looked down at our ensuing interview.

One of the more intelligent class of mill girls at the Perry factory.

Board, lodging, heat and light we could have at $2.75 a week. Before the husky clock had struck twelve, I was installed in a small room with the middle-aged woman from Batavia and a second unknown room-mate.

Now what, I asked myself, is the mill's attraction, and what is the power of this small town? Its population is 3,346; one thousand of these work in the knitting mills, two hunded more in a cutlery factory, and another three hundred in flour, butter, barrel and planing mills and salt blocks. Half the inhabitants are young hands. Not one in a hundred has a home in Perry; they have come from all western parts of the State to work; there are scarcely any children, few married couples and almost no old people. It is a town of youthful contemporaries, stung with the American's ambition for independence and adventure, charmed by the gayety of being boys and girls together, with an ever-possible touch of romance which makes the hardest work seem easy. Within the four board walls of each house, whose type is repeated up and down the Perry streets, there is a group of factory employees boarding, and working at the mill; their names suggest a foreign parentage, but for several generations they have mingled their diverse energies in a common effort, which makes Americans of them.

What were my first impressions of the hands who returned at noon under the roof which had extended to me unquestioning its hospitality? Were they a band of slaves, victims to toil and deprivation? Were they making the pitiful exchange of their total vitality for insufficient nourishment? Did life mean to them merely the diminishing of their forces?

On the contrary, they entered gay, laughing, young—a youth guarded intact by freedom and hope. What were the subjects of conversation pursued at dinner? Love, labor, the price paid for it, the advantages of town over country life, the neighbor and her conduct. What was the appearance of my companions? There was nothing in it to shock good taste.

We ate our dinner of boiled meat and custard pie, and all started back in good time for a one o'clock beginning at the mill. Within, all hummed to the collective activity of a throng, each working with all his force for a common end. Machines roared and pounded; a fine dust filled the air, a cloud of lint sent forth from the friction of thousands of busy hands in perpetual contact with the shapeless, innominate garments they were fashioning. Seven thousand dozen shirts were on their way between the cutting and finishing rooms, to be begun and finished by innumerable human beings with distinct tastes and likings, abilities and failings; and when the seven thousand dozen shirts were completed they were to look alike—they were to look as though made by a machine; they were to show no trace whatever of the men and the women who had made them.

What could be the result upon mind and health of this frantic mechanical activity devoid of thought? It was for this I sought an answer; it is for this I would propose a remedy.

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At the threshold of the mill door my roommate and I encountered Mr. Morse. There was irony in the fates alloted us. She was eager to make money; I was indifferent. Mr. Morse felt her in his power; I felt him in mine. She was given a job at twenty-five cents a day and all she could make; I was offered the favorite work in the mill, shirt finishing, at thirty cents a day and all I could make; and when I shook my head to see how far I could exploit my indifference and said, "Thirty cents is too little," Mr. Morse's answer was: "Well, I suppose you, like the rest of us, are trying to earn a living. I will guarantee you seventy-five cents a day for the first two weeks, and all you can make over it is yours." My apprenticeship began under the guidance of an "old girl" who had been five years in the mill. A dozen at a time the woollen shirts were brought to us, complete all but the adding of the linen strips in front where the buttons and button holes are stitched. The price for this operation is five, five and a half and six cents for the dozen shirts, according to the complexity of the finish. My instructress had done as many as forty dozen in one day; she averaged $1.75 a day all the year round. While she was teaching me the factory paid her at the rate of ten cents an hour.

Another of the more intelligent class.

A touch of the machine's pedal set the needle to stitching like mad. A second touch in the opposite direction brought it to an abrupt standstill. For the five hours of my first afternoon session there was not an instant's harmony between what I did and what I intended to do. I sewed frantically into the middle of shirts. I watched my needle as it flew up and down, and when by chance I made a straight seam, I brought it to so sudden a stop that the thread ravelled back before my weary eyes. When my back and fingers ached so that I could no longer bend over the work, I stopped and watched my comrades with amazement. The machine was not a wild animal in their hands, but an instrument that responded with niceness to their guidance. Above the incessant roar and burring din they called gayly to each other, gossiping, chatting, telling stories. What did they talk about? Everything, except domestic cares. Two girls in the seaming room had got into a quarrel that day over a packer—a fine looking, broad-shouldered fellow, who had touched both of their hearts and awakened in each an emotion she claimed the right to defend. The quarrel began lightly with an exchange of unpleasant comment; it soon took the proportions of a dispute which could not give itself the desired vent in words alone. The boss was called in. He made no attempt to control what lay beyond his power, but applying factory legislation to the case, he ordered the two Amazons to "register out" until the squabble was settled, as the factory did not propose to pay its hands for the time spent in fights. So the two girls "rang out" past the time-keeper and took an hour in the open air, hand to hand, fist to fist, which, as happens to man, had its calming effect.

The little girl opposite me was a new hand. Her rosy cheeks and straight shoulders announced this fact. She had been five months in the mill; the other girls around her had been there two years, five years, nine years. There were one hundred and fifty of us at the long, narrow tables which filled the room. By the windows the light and air were fairly good. At the centre tables the atmosphere was stagnant, the shadows came too soon.

My *vis-a-vis* was talkative. "Say," she said to her neighbor, "Jim Weston is the worst flirt I ever seen."

"Who's Jim Weston?" the other responded, diving into the box by her side for a handful of gray woollen shirts.

"Why, he's the one who made my teeth—he made teeth for all of us up home," and her smile reveals the handiwork of Weston.

"If I had false teeth," is the comment made upon this, "I wouldn't tell anybody."

"I thought some," continues the impervious new girl, unruffled, "of having a gold filling put in one of my front teeth. I think gold fillings are so pretty," she concludes, looking toward me for response.

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After Saturday night's shopping.

This primitive love of ornament I found manifest in the same medical-barbaric fancy for wearing eye-glasses. The nicety of certain operations in the mill, performed not always in the brightest of lights, is a fatal strain upon the eyes. There are no oculists in Perry, but a competent Buffalo specialist makes each month a visit to treat a new harvest of patients. The girls' daily effort toward the monthly finishing of 40,000 garments permanently diminishes their power of vision. Every thirty days a new set of girls appears with glasses. They wear them as they would an ornament of some kind, a necklace, bracelet, or a hoop through the nose.

When the six o'clock whistle blew on the first night, I had finished only two dozen shirts.

Once more we assembled to eat and chat and relax. After a moment by the kitchen pump we took our places at table. Our hostess waited upon us. "It takes some grit," she explained, "and more grace, to keep boarders."

It was with my room-mates I became the soonest acquainted. The butcher's widow from Batavia was a grumbler. "How do you like your job?" I asked her as we fumbled about in the dim light of our low-roofed room.

"Oh, Lordy," was the answer, "I didn't think it would be like this. I'd rather do housework any day. I bet you won't stay two weeks." She was ugly and stupid. She had been married young to a butcher. The butcher's death had opened new possibilities. After a period of respectful mourning, she had set out, against the wishes of her family, with a vague, romantic hope, that was expressed not so much in words as in a certain picture hat trimmed with violet chiffon and carried carefully in a bandbox by itself, a new, crisp satine petticoat, and a golf skirt which she had sat up until one o'clock to finish the night before she left home. It was inevitable that the butcher's widow should be disappointed. There was too much grim reality in ten-hour days spent over a machine in the stifling mill room to please a sentimentalist whose thirty odd years were no auxiliary to romance. She grumbled and complained. At the end of the first week the picture hat was tucked away in the bandbox; the frou-frou of the satine petticoat and the daring swish of the golf skirt were packed up like the remains of a bubble that had reflected the world in its brilliant sides one moment, and the next lay in a little heap of soapsuds. She had gone steadily behind in her work at the factory; she was not making more than sixty cents a day. She left us and went back to do housework in Batavia.

My other room-mate was of the Madonna type. In our class she would have been called an invalid. Her hands trembled; she was constantly in pain, and her nerves were rebellious without frequent doses of bromide. We found her one night lying in a heap on the bed, her moans having called us from another room. It was the pain in

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her back that never stopped, the ache between her shoulders, the din of the machines in her ears, the vibration, the strain of incessant hours upon her tired nerves. We relieved her as best we could, and the next day at a quarter before seven she was, like the rest of us, bending over her machine again. She had been a school teacher, after passing the necessary examination at the Genesee Normal School. She could not say why school teaching was uncongenial to her, except that the children "made her nervous," and she wanted to try factory work. Her father was a cheese manufacturer up in the Genesee Valley. She might have lived quietly at home, but she disliked to be a dependent. Little by little we became friends. Our common weariness brought us often together after supper in a listless, confidential mood before the parlor stove. We talked about blonds and brunettes, tall men and short men, our favorite man's name. Gradually the impersonal became personal; the idea took form. Her voice, like a broken lute that might have given sweet sounds, related the story. It was inevitable that she should love a dreamer like herself. She slipped a gold locket from a chain on her throat. It framed her hero's picture, the source of her courage, the embodiment of her heroic energy: a man of thirty, good looking, refined, who had failed at everything. In the story she told there were stars and twilight, Summer evening walks, talks, hopes and vague projects. The practical questions I felt ready to ask would have sounded coarse.

In a country where conditions change with such rapidity that each generation is a revelation to the one which preceded it, the average American is much more influenced by his contemporaries than by his elders—much more stimulated or determined by the friends of his own age than by the older members of his family. This detaching of generations through the evolution of conditions adds fervor, and zest and originality to the efforts of each. But it means a youth without the peace of protection; an old age without the harvest of consolation. In such a battle as life becomes under these circumstances, the man is better equipped than the woman, whose nature disarms her for the struggle. The American woman is restless, dissatisfied. Society, whether among the highest or lowest classes, has driven her toward a destiny that is not normal. The factories are full of old maids; the colleges are full of old maids; the ballrooms in the worldly *milieux* are full of old maids. For natural obligations are substituted the fictitious duties of clubs, committees, meetings, organizations, professions, a thousand unwomanly occupations.

I cannot attempt to touch here upon the classes that have not a direct bearing on our subject, but between them and the factory elements of whom I am writing there is a striking analogy. Among the American-born women of this country the sterility is greater, the fecundity less than exists in any other

A TYPICAL BOARDING-HOUSE DINING-ROOM.

Mrs. R., who keeps house next door to the mills, is a motherly New England woman, and takes a lively interest in the welfare of her boarders.

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nation in the world, unless it be France, whose anxiety regarding her depopulation we would share in full measure were it not for the foreign immigration to the United States, which counteracts the degeneracy of the American. The original causes for this increasing sterility are moral, and not physical. When this is known, does not the philosophy of the American working woman become a subject of palpitating interest? Among the enemies to fecundity and natural destiny two are apparent which act as potently in the lower as in the upper classes—the triumph of individualism and the love of luxury. America is not really a democracy: unity of effort between the man and the woman does not exist. Men were too long in the majority. Women have become autocrats or rivals. A phrase which I heard often repeated at the factory speaks by itself for a condition: "She must be married, because she don't work." And another phrase pronounced repeatedly by the younger girls: "I don't have to work; my father gives me all the money I need, but not all the money I *want*. I like to be independent, and spend my money as I please." What are the conclusions to be drawn? The American girl is an egoist. Her whole effort (and she makes and sustains one in the life of mill drudgery) is for herself. She works for luxury until the day when a proper husband presents himself. Then she stops working and lets him toil for both, with the hope that the budget shall not be diminished by increasing family demands.

ONE OF THE STRIKERS.

A party of girls struck for higher wages but were unsuccessful because they lacked concerted action.

Another one of the unsuccessful strikers.

In those cases where the woman continues to work after marriage, she chooses invariably a kind of work which is inconsistent with child-bearing. She returns to the mill with her husband. There were a number of married couples at the knitting factory in Perry. They boarded, like the rest of us. I never saw a baby nor heard of a baby while I was in the town. I can think of no better way to present this love of luxury, this triumph of individualism, this passion for independence, than to continue my account of the daily life at Perry.

On Saturday night we drew our pay and got out at half-past four. This extra hour and a half was not given to us; we had saved it up by beginning each day at fifteen minutes before seven. In reality, we worked ten hours and a quarter five days in the week in order to work eight and three-quarters on the sixth.

By five o'clock on Saturdays the village streets were alive with shoppers and the stores were crowded. At supper each girl had a collection of purchases to show: stockings, lace, fancy buckles, velvet ribbons, elaborate hairpins. Many of them, after their board was paid, had less than a dollar left of the five or six it had taken them a week to earn.

"I am not working to save," was the claim expressed by one for all. "I'm working for my pleasure."

This same girl called me into her room one evening when she was packing to move to another boarding-house. I watched her as she put her things into her trunk. She had a quantity of dresses, underclothes with lace and tucks, ribbons, fancy hair ornaments, lace boleros, and handkerchiefs. The bottom of her trunk was full of letters received from her beau.

"You got a letter tonight, didn't you?" I asked innocently. "Was it the one you wanted?"

"My, yes," she answered, tossing up a

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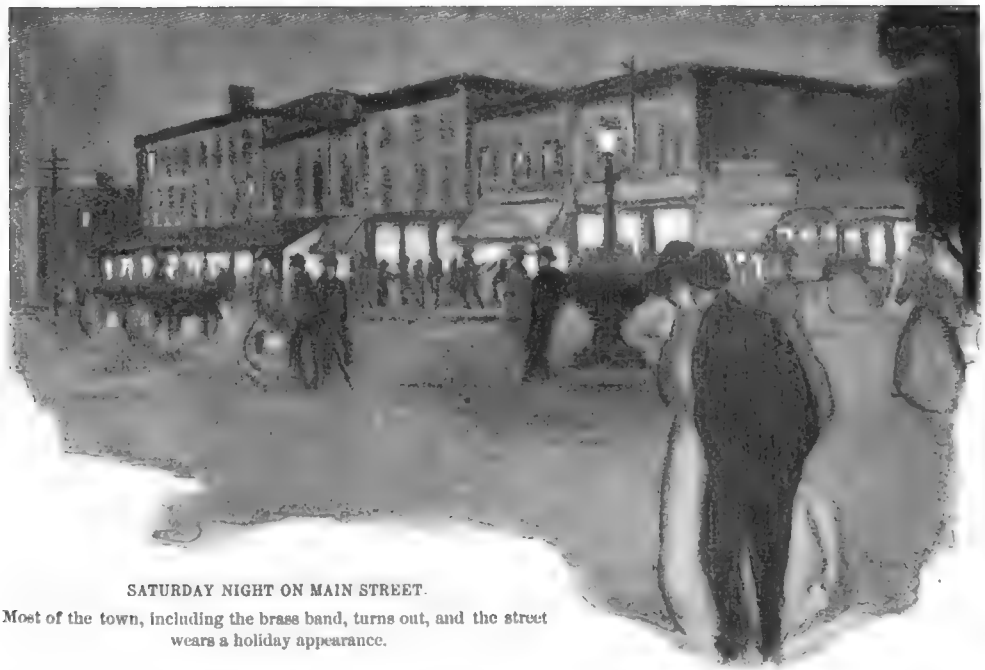

SATURDAY NIGHT ON MAIN STREET.
Most of the town, including the brass band, turns out, and the street wears a holiday appearance.

heap of missives from the depth of the trunk. "It was from the same one that wrote me these. I've been going with him three years. I met him up in the grape country, where I went to pick grapes. They give you your board and you can make $27 to $30 in a Fall. He made up his mind as soon as he saw me that I was about right. Now he wants me to marry him. That's what his letter said tonight. He is making $3.00 a day, and he owns a farm and a horse and wagon. He bought his sister a $300 piano this Fall."

"Well, of course," I said eagerly, "you will accept him?"

She looked half-shy, half-pleased, half-surprised: "No; my no," she answered, shaking her head; "I don't want to be married."

"But why not? Don't you think you are foolish? It's a good chance, and you have already been going with him three years."

"Yes, I know that, but I ain't ready to marry him yet. Twenty-five is time enough. I'm only twenty-three. I can have a good time just as I am. He didn't want me to come away, and neither did my parents. I thought it would most kill my father. He looked like he'd been sick the day I left, but he let me come 'cause he knew I'd never be satisfied until I got my independence."

What part did the love of humanity play in this young egoist's heart?

In this small town of three thousand inhabitants there are seven different forms of worship. The church plays an important part in the social life of the mill hands. There is no moral instruction; it is all purely religious, and they join one church or another more as they would a social club than an ordained religious organization.

Friday was "social" night at the church. Sometimes there was a "poverty" social, when everyone puts on shabby clothes, and any one who wore a correct garment of any sort was fined for the benefit of the church. Pound "socials" were another variety of diversion, where all those attending were weighed on arrival and charged a cent admission for every pound of avoirdupois.

The most popular socials, however, were box socials, and it was to one of these I decided to go with two girls boarding in the house. Each of us packed a box with lunch as good as we could afford: eggs, sandwiches, cake, pickles, oranges, and with these proceeded to the vestry room, where we found an improvised auctioneer's table and a pile of boxes like our own, which were marked and presently put up for sale. The youths of the party bid cautiously or recklessly, according as their inward conviction suggested that the box was packed by friend or foe. My box, which, like the

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rest, had supper for two, was bid in by a tall, nice looking mill hand, and we installed ourselves in a corner to eat and talk. He was full of reminiscence and had had a checkered career. His first experience had been at night work in a paper mill. He worked eleven hours a night one week, thirteen hours a night the next week, in and out of doors, drenched to the skin.

"I always like whatever I am doing," he explained at my protestation of sympathy. "I think that's the only way to be. I never had much appetite at night. They packed me an elegant pail, but somehow all cold food don't relish much. I never did like a pail. . . . How would you like to take a dead man's place?" he asked, looking at me grimly.

I begged him to explain.

"One of my best friends," he began, "was working alongside of me, and I guess he got dizzy or something, for he leaned up against the big belt that ran all the machinery, and he was lifted right up in the air and tore to pieces before he ever knew what struck him. The boss came in and seen it, and the second question he asked, he says, 'Say, is the machinery running all right?' It wasn't ten minutes before there was another man in there doing the dead man's work."

I began to undo the lunch box, feeling very little inclined to eat. We divided the contents, and my friend, seeing perhaps that I was depressed, told me about the "shows" he had been to in his wanderings.

"Now, I don't care as much for comedy as some folks," he explained. "I like 'Puddin' Head Wilson' first rate, but the finest thing I ever seen was two of Shakespeare's—'The Merchant of Venice,' and 'Julius Cæsar.' If you ever get a chance, I advise you to go and hear them; they're great."

I responded cordially, and when we had exhausted Shakespeare I asked him how he liked Perry people.

"Oh, first rate," he said. "I've been here only a month, but I think there's too much formality. It seems to me that when you work alongside of a girl day after day you might speak to her without an introduction; but they won't let you here. I never seen such a formal place."

The box social was only the beginning of a round of gayeties. The following night I went with my friend to a ball. The barren hall was dimly lighted; in the corner there was a stove; at one end a stage. An old man with a chin-beard was scattering sand over the floor with a spring-time gesture of seed-sowing. He had his hat on and his coat collar turned up, as though to indicate that the party had not begun. By and by the stage curtain rolled up and the musicians came out and unpacked a violin, a trombone, a flute and a drum. The subscribers had begun to arrive, and when the first two-step struck up there were eight or ten couples on the floor. They held onto each other closely, with no outstretched arms as is the usual form, and they revolved very slowly round and round the room. The young men had smooth faces, patent leather boots, very smart cravats, and a sheepish, self-conscious look. The girls had elaborate constructions in frizzed hair, with bows and tulle; black trailing skirts with colored ruffled under-petticoats, light colored blouses and fancy belts. They seemed to be having a very good time.

After four or five days' experience with a machine I began to work easily and with less pain between my shoulders. The girls were kind and sympathetic, stopping to help and encourage the "new girl." One of the shirt finishers, who had not been long in the mill herself, came across from her table one day when I was hard at work with a pain like a sword stab in my back. "I know how you ache," she said. "It just makes me feel like crying when I see how you keep at it."

The butcher's widow, the school teacher and I started in at about the same time. At the end of two weeks the butcher's widow had long been gone. The school teacher had averaged seventy-nine cents a day, and I had averaged eighty-nine. My best day I finished sixteen dozen shirts and netted $1.11. My board and washing cost me $3.00, so that from the first I had a living insured.

There was one negress in the factory. She worked in a corner quite by herself, and attended to menial jobs, such as sweeping and picking up scraps. A great many of the girls and boys took correspondence courses in stenography, bookkeeping, drawing, illustrating, etc., etc. The purely mechanical work of the mill does not satisfy them. They are restless and ambitious—exactly the material with which to form schools of industrial art.

One of the girls who usually in the morning worked beside us, one day left a note

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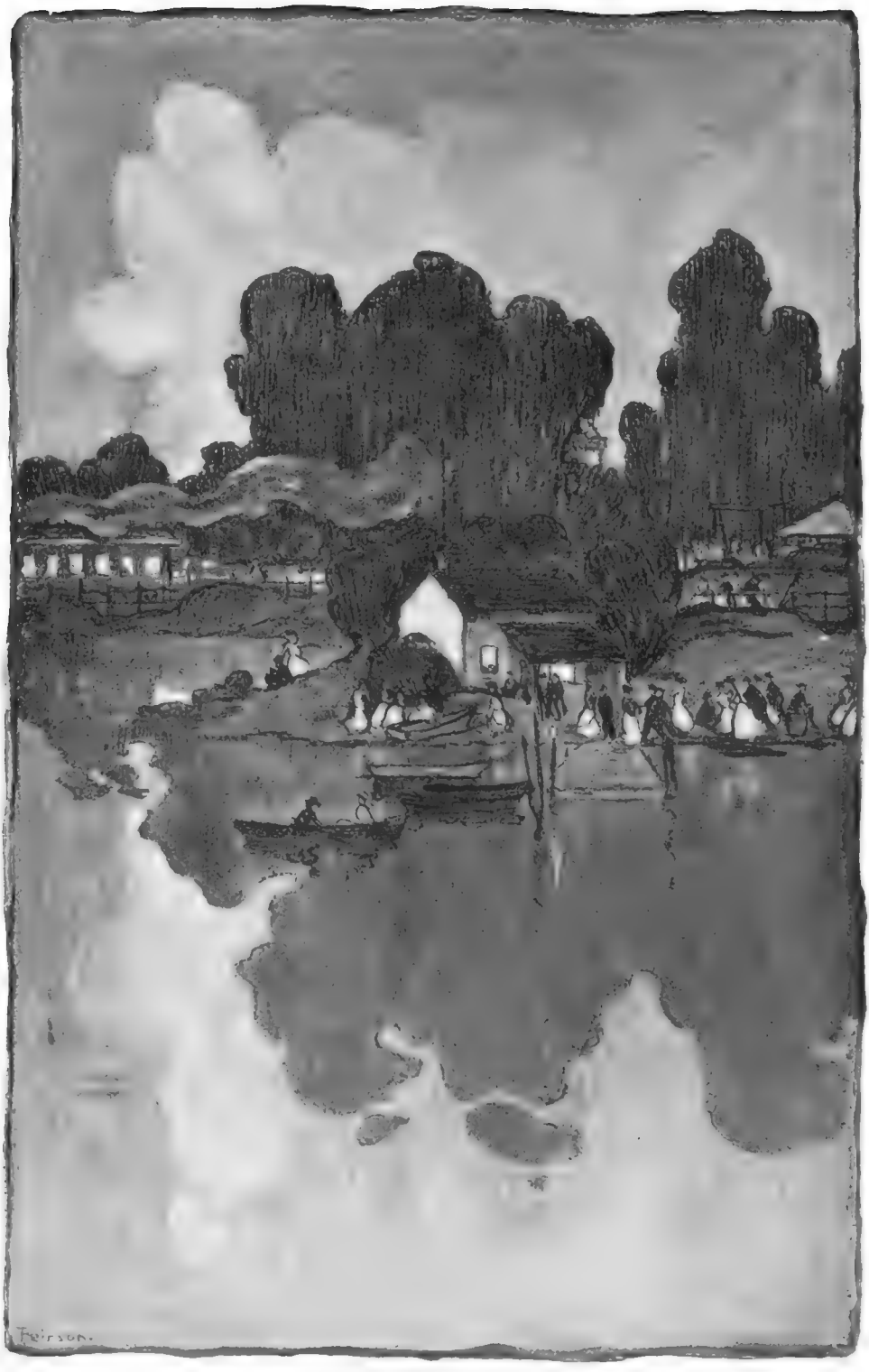

SUNDAY EVENING AT SILVER LAKE

The mill girls' excursion resort. A special train and 'busses run on Sundays, and "everybody" goes.

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The finishing room at the Perry Mills.

on her machine at noon to say that she would never be back. She was going up to the lake to drown herself, and we needn't look for her. Someone had already sent to search. They found her sitting on the lake's edge weeping. She did not speak. The work was not interrupted, but we all talked about it in our leisure moments. There were various explanations: She was out of her mind; she was discouraged with her work; she was nervous. No one suggested that a love affair was the cause of her desperate act. There was not a word breathed against her reputation.

The mill owners exert, as far as possible, an influence over the moral tone of their employees. The average girls are self-respecting, yet they trifle with love. The attraction they wish to exert is ever present in their minds and in their conversation. Their most important sacrifices are invariably for clothes. They have superstitions of all kinds: to sneeze on Saturday means the arrival of a beau on Sunday; a big or a little tea-leaf means a tall or a short caller, and so on. There is a book of dreams kept at one table in the mill. The girls consult it to find the interpretation of their nocturnal reveries. They are fanciful, sentimental, cold, passionless.

There is, of course, another type of girl, who goes brutally into passionate pleasures, follows the shows, drinks, and knocks about town with the boys. She is known as a "bum," has sacrificed name and reputation, and seldom remains in the mill.

I have left until the last the two friends who held a place apart in the household: the farmer and his wife, the old people of another generation, with whom we boarded. They had begun life together forty years ago. They lived on neighboring farms. There was dissension between the families such as we read of in Pyramus and Thisbe, Romeo and Juliet. The young people contrived a means of corresponding. An old coat that hung in the barn where nobody saw it served as post-office. Truman plead his cause ardently and won his Louisa. They fixed a day for the elopement. A fierce snowstorm piled high its drifts of white, but all the afternoon long the little bride played about, burrowing a path from the garden to her bedroom window, and when night came and brought her mounted hero, she bravely climbed up on the saddle by his side and rode away to happiness, leaving ill-nature and quarrels far behind. Side by side, as on the night of their wedding ride, they had traversed forty years together. Ill health had broken up their farm home. When Truman could no longer work, they came into Perry to take boarders, having no children. The old man never spoke. He did chores about the house, made the morning fires, and attended to the parlor stove. He seemed to have no more live contact with the youth about him than driftwood has with the tree's new shoots. Tempted to know what his silence hid, I spent an hour with him by the kitchen stove one Sunday afternoon. His memory went easily back to the days when there were no railroads, no telegraphs, no mills. He was of a speculative turn of mind.

"I don't see," he said, "what makes men so crazy after gold. They're getting worse all the time. Gold ain't got no real value. You take all the gold out of the world and it wouldn't make no difference whatever. You can't even make a tool to get a living with out of gold—but just do away with the iron, and where would you be?

"I think Mr. Carnegie would have done a deal nobler if he had paid his men a little more, straight along. He wouldn't have had such a name for himself, but don't you believe it would have been better to have paid those men more for the work they were doing day by day than it is now to give pensions to their families? I know what I think about the matter."

I asked him how he liked city life?

"Give me a farm every time," was his answer. "Once you've seen a town you know it all. It's the same over and over

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again. But the country's changing every day in the year. It's a terrible thing, being sick," he went on. "I wasn't no good on the farm any more, so my wife took a notion we better come in town and take boarders."

Thus it was with this happily balanced couple; as his side grew heavier she took on more ballast and swung even with him. She had the quick adaptability common to American women. She had kept her activity and sympathy because she was intelligent, because she lived with the *young*. The man could not make himself one of another generation, so he lived alone. But as they sat together at table, his look toward her was one of trust and comfort. His glance travelled back over a long vista of years that had glorified confidence in this life as it passed and transfigured it into the promise of another life to come.

B. VAN V.

Perry, April, 1902.

THE BLEEDING ANCHOR.

By George Seibel.

DID your ship sail sad and slow
Through the savage icy seas,
Under sullen skies of snow,
Questing after mysteries?

Where like flaming tapestry
Glints and glows the northern light;
Ghostly icebergs stud the sea
Like a field of daisies white.

Where the Big Bear round the Pole
Tuggeth at his starry chain;
And the moon's pale globe doth roll
Like the eye of warrior slain.

Did your ship sail sad and slow,
And the engine's weary heart,
Throbbing with a Titan's woe,
Heave as it might spring apart?

As you passed the portal dim
Of the ancient arctic year,
O'er whose graven granite rim
Tremblingly the sun doth peer.

Where the bird with breast of foam
Woke its death from iron cave,
And the cachalot's deep home
Yawns like universal grave.

Did your ship sail sad and slow
Through the pillared path of night,
As a lover loth to go
From his mistress' eyes of light?

Looking leeward as you sped
Whence I grieve for your dear sake,
You had seen a heart that bled
Dragging redly in your wake.

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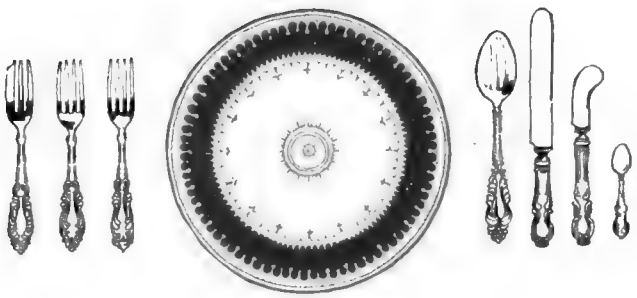

HOW WE TAMED THE COOK.

By Lilian Bell.

With Illustrations by Orson Lowell.

LET the unmarried pass this over, for the time for them to read it is not yet. But let those who have a cross-grained, crotchetty, obstinate or bad-tempered cook go to a quiet corner and read my story; it cannot fail to touch a responsive chord.

In our case Mary was old and obstinate, but her virtues were too many to dismiss her without making valiant efforts to reform her in one or two particulars. It is, alas! true that perfection does not exist, especially in cooks; so, as even her failings leaned to virtue's side, we bore with Mary, making light of our inconveniences, and pretending not to notice that we could never make her do anything that she had not wanted to do beforehand. It was a good deal of a strain on us sometimes, for we are self-respecting folk with excellent opinions of ourselves.

"'I am not mad. I am hungry,' said Aubrey."

Among her good points was an absolute reverence for food. She never wasted a mouthful, saving even the crusts she cut from the toast to grind for breading, and doing all the thrifty things one would do one's self, but which no cook ever born is expected to do.

Owing to our respect for Mary's white hairs, the dinner hour was as changeable as a weather-cock. We dined anytime from seven to nine. No amount of coaxing or persuading, or previous instructions or orders, could make that cook of ours lift a finger toward dinner until we both were in the house with hungry countenances and expectant demeanors. We even tried telephoning her from downtown that we were on the way and would be at home in an hour. When we came in at the end of that hour and said:

"Mary, is dinner ready?" the answer was always:

"No, dear child, but it will be in a minute."

At first we believed her and hurried to get ready, but as ten, twenty, thirty minutes passed and no signs of soup appeared, we used to take turns strolling carelessly into the kitchen to look at the clock. If we came in at seven we got dinner at eight. There was no way, apparently, of circumventing her. She would have her own way.

Once the Angel (my husband) said:

"Mary, didn't we telephone you that

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we wanted dinner just as soon as we came in?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, wasn't it six o'clock when we telephoned?"

"Yes, sir, but I just thought maybe you would be delayed, or the car would run off the track, or you'd stop to talk to some friends, so I wouldn't begin to cook until I clapped my two eyes on you."

At first we used to laugh and say that it was her respect for food. Then it worked on our tempers and got to be exasperating, infuriating, maddening.

"Now, Aubrey," I said, "it has come to the battle with the cook. Shall we submit to petty tyranny or shall we strike?"

"I'll tell you what," said the Angel, "I haven't quite made up my mind whether Mary is really amenable to kindness or whether she takes us for suckers."

"Oh!" I gasped. I had never taken myself for a "sucker" before, and even in such good company as that of my husband it gave me a jar to hear the possibility mentioned.

"I am convinced of one thing," he went on, "Mary has been badly spoiled, and while I have no objection to her ruling us in any way she likes, I am going to compel her to obey orders when she gets them."

"Oh, be careful!" I cried.

"I'm going to. But first I am going to investigate the labyrinths of her mind. If it is that she respects food more than she does our feelings, I'll do one thing. If it is that kindness won't work, I'll try severity. But I'm going to make that old woman obey me and have dinner on time."

The Angel delivered this alarming ultimatum without raising his voice, and with no more emphasis than he would use in saying: "May I trouble you for the salt?"

I leaned back and looked at him. "As if you could be severe with any one, you Angel!"

From which remark the knowing can easily deduce the length of time we had been married.

We had telephoned Mary to have dinner promptly at seven; we had come in at six and it was now ten minutes to eight.

"I hope you had a good tea," said Aubrey, looking at the clock; "it will be necessary."

"I did. It isn't that I am hungry. I'm mad," I answered genially.

"I am not mad. I am hungry," said Aubrey.

"Being hungry for a man is the same as being mad for a woman," I observed. Aubrey grinned.

"Now," he said mysteriously, "don't eat any dinner tonight and follow my lead in everything."

"Of course we overdid the part."

"Don't eat any dinner!" I cried in a whisper, "I am starv——"

"Hush," he whispered; "you said you weren't hungry."

Although we were only ten feet away from her and in plain view, Mary struck the Roman chime bells by which she always announced dinner.

As we took our seats the clock struck eight. The table was a dream of loveliness. Wedding silver, wedding glass, wedding linen graced it at every turn, for Mary always decorates the table for us as for a banquet.

Never has the fragrant odor of soup assailed me as it did on that particular night. Mary hovered round watching to see how we liked it. We tasted it and laid our spoons down. We talked languidly, without noticing her.

"What's the matter with the soup?" she finally demanded.

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We looked up as if surprised.

"Why, nothing," said Aubrey. "I don't care for it. That's all. Take it away."

"It will do nicely for tomorrow night," said Mary.

At that Aubrey dropped his entire cigarette into his and I put a spoonful of salt into mine.

"Isn't it good, Missis?" asked Mary of me.

"I don't know," I said wearily. "I'm too tired to eat."

"Take it away," said Aubrey again.

"My poor, dear child!" cried Mary. "Too tired to eat! But eating will do you good. Taste a bit! Try it, Missis, dear!"

"No, I don't seem to care for it now, and I was very hungry at seven o'clock. Don't you remember, Aubrey, I said coming up in the elevator how hungry I was?"

"I remember," said my husband. "But you are just like me. If you don't have your meals at a certain time your appetite goes."

"What time did you have your luncheon, dear?" I asked anxiously.

"At half past twelve. I had an appointment with Squires at one."

"And what did you have?" I continued, for Mary's face was expressive of the liveliest horror.

"A club sandwich and a glass of beer."

Mary looked at the clock. It was half past eight.

"Oh, my dear!" I said mournfully. "It is no wonder you can't eat. Your stomach is too exhausted to feel hunger."

"Vituperating herself in language which would not have gone through the mails."

At that Mary lifted her head and looked at us through her spectacles. Never were four more innocent eyes to be met with than ours. We looked at her calmly until she lowered her gaze. It was not an impudent nor a defiant look she gave us. It was a trial of wills. Our two against her one.

She removed the soup without more ado, and brought in a broiled chicken. Oh, oh! Shall I ever forget it! I was so hungry by that time I could have bitten a piece out of my plate.

Mary stood by with a face as anxious as if she were standing by the deathbed of her child. Aubrey lifted it with the carving fork, looked at me, and said:

"Do you feel as if you could eat a little bit of this?"

A little bit! I felt as if I could have snatched it in my paws and run growling to a corner to devour it and bury the bones for the next day.

"No," I said wearily, leaning my head on my hand to hide my countenance. "But you eat some, dear."

Aubrey laid down the carving fork.

"No, I don't care for any."

Mary ran round the table for no reason at all. She took the cover off the best silver dish. It was a dish of fresh peas cooked with onions and lettuce. *Petits pois a la paysanne!* I had taught her myself! I simply glared at it. To this day I can smell those onions!

"If I could have had those at seven o'clock," said Aubrey, sadly, "I could have eaten every one of them. They look delicious, Mary, but I really—no, don't urge me! Take the dinner off."

"Oh, boss, dear, if you just take a lick at them!" implored Mary. "Just one lick—there's a handsome man!"

Aubrey bit his lips. I was trembling on the verge of hysterical laughter.

Mary implored in vain. With our famished eyes on the peas and chicken we saw them disappear through the swinging door. Mary in her agony was talking aloud.

"Keep it up!" whispered the Angel. "This will fetch her! She's ready to cry."

"Oh, but Aubrey," I moaned, "I'm ready to gnaw the napkin and eat my slippers!"

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"I know how explorers and castaways feel," murmured the Angel. "What comes next?"

"Asparagus!" I wailed. "Fresh asparagus. I paid ninety cents for it! And she's cooked it with her white sauce—oh!"

The door opened and Mary with pink cheeks and dancing eyes brought in and deposited before me my favorite dish. Asparagus on toast. I looked at it longingly, feverishly! My throat was dry and my eyes had a savage glare. I had heard of men going mad for want of food. I know now how they felt. At first I could not speak. I was obliged to swallow violently.

"There!" cried Mary triumphantly. "You can't pass that up!"

"Alas!" I sighed, shaking my head. I looked at her and felt simply murderous. That white-haired old woman's obstinacy in not giving us our dinner on time was the cause of all my misery. I resolved to rub it in. Her face was a study.

"Did you ever," I said mournfully, "see me refuse asparagus before?"

"You're never going to refuse it!" exclaimed Mary incredulously. "Missis! I used a pint of cream, to say nothing of the butter! Why, it's a sin! It's a mortal sin in you not to try it! See, Missis, let me put a little on your plate. I'll feed it to you like as if you were a baby! I will indeed!"

"No," I said, clutching at the tablecloth to keep from falling upon that dish of asparagus and shovelling it down my throat in huge handfuls, "no, I couldn't, Mary! I am too weak; really, I think I am starving!"

I leaned back and closed my eyes. The clock struck nine.

"You've had nothing to eat all day!" cried Mary. "You had only a bite for your lunch, and that was e i g h t hours ago! Oh, Missis, dear! Ain't I the mean dog! Let me make you a cup of tea! Missis, dear! Eat s o m e t h i n g, do!"

"No," I said. "I have always been this way. If I go five minutes over the time when I expect my dinner, I feel just this way. I can't eat."

With this astonishing lie, I leaned back as if death were already looming up in the distance.

Mary made one more attack. Salad was the Angel's weak point, as asparagus was mine, and Mary always made a dream of beauty of it. She scorned *fatiguer la laitue*, as the French do. Instead, she kept it in a bowl of water until thoroughly "awake," as she called it. Then, carefully examining each leaf separately, she tied them in a wet cloth and laid them "spang on the ice," which course of treatment rendered them so crisp that to cut them with a sharp salad fork was always to get a little dressing splashed in one's eye. Furthermore, she arranged them in the best cut-glass dish in symmetrical rows, with the scarlet tomatoes tucked invitingly in the centre. With such a dish she presented us on this evening. When Aubrey, who will be remembered not so much for his moral qualities nor for his domestic virtues as for the skill with which he mixes a salad dressing, went to work and prepared one from tarragon vinegar, oil, Nepaul pepper, paprika, black and cayenne pepper, to say nothing of plenty of salt,—words fail me! I simply pass away at the recollection.

I have never been able to make up my mind whether Mary suspected us or not. Of course we overdid the part, but it was a physical necessity. I can go without a thing altogether, but I cannot be moderate. I really thought I was not hungry until Aubrey told me not to eat, and that, of course, was enough to make any woman ravenous. If he had told me to "buck up and eat a

"I locked the door and then he unloaded."

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good dinner" of course I could only have nibbled.

She broke out again and pleaded hard for us to drink our coffee, but we were obdurate.

Finally we got up from the table and Mary removed the cloth, muttering to herself. Where any other cook would have been furious at us for not eating her delicious dinner, this dear old soul was vituperating herself in language which would not have gone through the mails.

But now the question was where and how to get our dinner so that Mary would not suspect. To send her to church and forage in our own ice-box was out of the question, for she knew to a dot how much there was of everything. Furthermore, if we both went out she might suspect. And we had taught her too heroic a lesson to go and spoil it by carelessness now.

"What shall we do?" murmured my husband.

"There's only one thing to do," I said in low, even tones, with my book before my face. "Go out and buy something ready cooked—something which leaves no trace—something small enough to go into your overcoat pocket, but oh, do get enough!"

Mary came in as the outer door slammed.

"Where's Boss gone?" she demanded. Perhaps it was only my guilty conscience which made her tones sound suspicious.

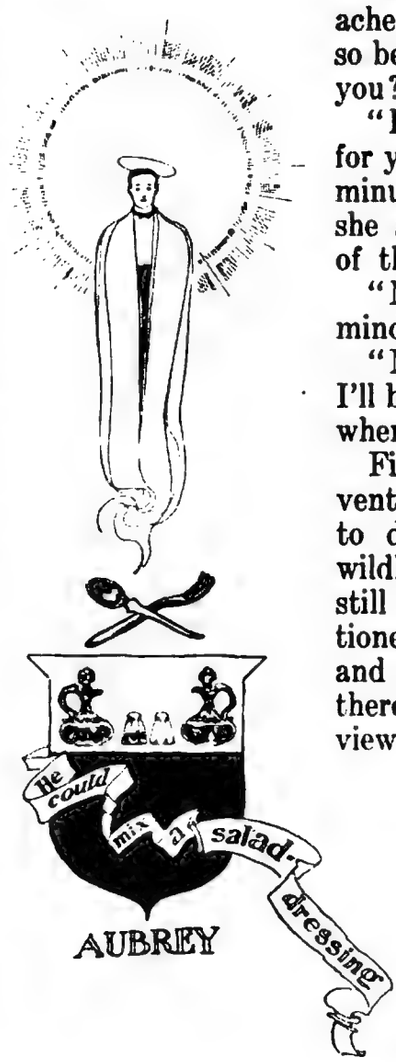
"Just over to Columbus Avenue to get a paper," I said.

"Oh!"

I waited in a guilty and trembling silence for the Angel to return. What if Mary should take it into her head to come and help him off with his overcoat? She often did. I softly opened the outer door. If she didn't hear him enter all would be well.

Presently he came up. He got out of the elevator stealthily and I met him with my finger on my lips.

"Aren't you going to take off your hat?" I asked, as he stole down the corridor.



"Can't!" he whispered. "I've got cream puffs in it."

I only waited to ward off an attack from the rear. I put my head in at the butler's pantry.

"Mary, I have such a headache that I am going to bed now, so be as quiet as you can, won't you?"

"I'll come and open the bed for you right this instantaneous minute, my poor dear child," she said, taking her hands out of the dish water.

"No, I'll open it! I don't mind in the least," I said eagerly.

"Not at all! Do you think I'll be letting you lift your hand when you're sick?"

Finding that I could not prevent her, I hurried down the hall to discover the Angel looking wildly for a place of escape—still with his hat on. I motioned him into the bath-room, and his coat tails disappeared therein just as Mary loomed into view.

It took her a full quarter of an hour to open that bed. And all the time my thoughts were on the cream puffs. I did hope that Aubrey would have sense enough to put them on the wash stand.

At last I got rid of Mary and released the Angel. I locked the door and then he unloaded. Besides the beer and cream puffs, he had four devilled crabs and two Dill pickles, four club sandwiches, some Rocquefort cheese and some Bent biscuits. He was obliged to make one more dangerous pilgrimage to the front hall to slam the door and hang up his hat and coat, otherwise Mary would have gone out after him, and then we sat down and gorged. We had only Aubrey's pocket knife, a paper cutter and a button-hook to eat with, and rather than stop and wash out his shaving-cup we drank out of the bottles.

We ate until we could eat no more, but still there was some left. This Aubrey did up in a neat package, raised the window, turned out the lights, and threw

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it far, far into the night. We listened and heard it fall in a neighbor's back yard.

Now, if we had stopped there, all would have been well, but Fate tempted us in the person of a nasty little curly white dog, with a pink skin and a pink ribbon round her neck, whose mistress used to lead her up and down in front of our apartment house every evening. She was a badly spoiled little dog, and for six months we had been longing to kill her, but her mistress was always present and we couldn't. On this particular night, however, the dog was in the back yard all alone, yapping and whining to get indoors. Clearly this was the best place for the empty beer bottles.

"Don't hit her, Aubrey. Just aim for the cement walk. That will scare her to death."

So Aubrey took aim. The beer bottle hurtled through the air. We stepped back and listened. It crashed on the walk, and then arose from that frightened little beast such a series of agonized yelps as I never before had heard. We clutched each other in silent ecstasy. Fortunately the pup's mistress had not heard.

Emboldened by success we stole forth again and shied the second bottle. But at the very moment that it hit the corner of the house and flew into a million pieces, the door opened and the dog's mistress appeared.

The crash was something awful. Nobody had been hit or hurt, but the woman shrieked and the Angel and I fell to the floor as if shot. Instantly windows flew up, and every head that appeared the infuriated woman accused. I reached for the Angel's hand as we grovelled on the floor. But as the indignant denials by the accused heads were followed by more indignant slamming of windows, our former spirit returned.

Then silence. Two hands sneaked up in the darkness and pulled the window down.

"We could prove an alibi," I giggled, "for Mary would go on the stand and swear that I was in bed prostrated with a headache!"

The next night the soup was on the table at five minutes before seven; also we heard that the white dog was laid up for a week with an "*attaque des nerfs.*"

"Who would have thought," I sighed in languid delight, "of the luck of fetching Mary and that white dog both in one evening?"

REQUIESCAT.

By Fullerton L. Waldo.

SPIRIT of the unresting deep,
Where he lieth, let him sleep;

'Neath thy tessellated floor
Sentinelled for evermore

By sea-creatures, vast and dim,
Shadowlessly over him

Haunting through the quiet miles
Of sea-breathing forest-aisles.

Let the flexuous fronds of things
Cradle him beneath their wings

Where he lieth in his sleep
At the dim heart of the Deep.

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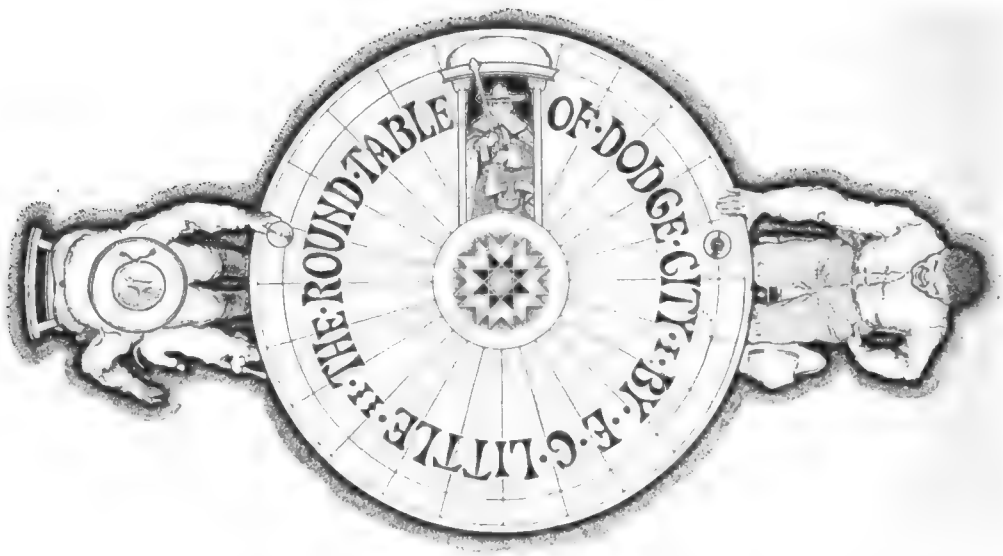

BORDER MEN KNIGHTS-ERRANT WHO SURPASSED THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF HEROES OF ROMANCE.

FOR a dozen years Dodge City was the rallying-point of the Knights of the Border. Through the streets of that buffalo-grass village rode a greater cavalcade of men at arms than ever followed King Arthur through the alleys of Camelot. Wyatt Earp at Tombstone slew the men who killed his brothers Virgil and Morgan, and made good the reputation he held at Dodge as the coolest head of all that reckless company. William Tilghlman, quiet and deadly as an Oklahoma marshal, captured Bill Doolin single-handed. Ben Daniels fought with the First United States Volunteer Cavalry in its two Cuban battles, and won Colonel Roosevelt's commendation as a good soldier. Ben Thompson returned to Texas and became celebrated as the chief fighting man of the Lone-Star State. Clay Allison's trail to Dodge City, lined with graves almost as frequent as those Napoleon left to mark his retreat from Moscow, had already stamped him as a bad man. Doc Holliday, Luke Short, Bill Thompson, Fred Singer, Dave Black, Charley Coulter, and Charley Bassett at Dodge and elsewhere established a name for courage and daring but little less than that of their better known comrades. But William Barclay Masterson, Patrick Shugrue, and David Mather were the distinctive personalities of the Round Table of Dodge City.

Twenty-seven years ago a handsome young fellow known as Bat Masterson was employed as a scout in the vicinity of Fort Elliott or Cantonment in the Texas Pan-Handle. At Sweetwater, close by, a good-looking young woman conducted a music and dance hall, which was a rendezvous for the soldiers, scouts, traders, and buffalo hunters who pervaded that region. Her failings and her virtues were those of her sisters, the Nell Gwynns and Peg Woffingtons of other generations. Among them she numbered courage, unselfishness, faithfulness to her friends, and the capacity for self-sacrifice. Jealous of her preference for his brown-eyed young rival, a big sergeant from the Fort beat upon the doors of the dance hall, and, gaining admission, at once opened fire upon the scout. The girl was the first to observe his move, and, springing between the men, received the bullet and fell dead. But the slender figure of the Thespian was a poor bulwark, and the same bullet entered the hip of the youthful plainsman, till then a mere lad of the farm and the border. Flat on his back,

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his left leg quivering like the fluttering wing of a wounded bird, the cool, fierce nature of the boy declared itself. With one hand upon his knee, he straightened down the wounded leg; and with the other, drawing his revolver, slew his enemy where he stood, and passed into a man's estate. A few months later he was one of twenty men who fought five hundred Indians for three days, and made the battle of Adobe Walls famous forever on the border.

In 1877 Bat, though a mere boy, was Sheriff of Ford County, and his brother Ed was marshal of Dodge City. Some Texas cowboys, led by Corporal Walker, a herd boss, took possession of a dance hall and made a rough house. The sheriff and the marshal went over to quell the disturbance. Bat went inside, and Ed, who was the gentler of the Mastersons, paused on the front porch to disarm a cowboy named Wagner. "I will have to take your gun," said Ed Masterson. Wagner, short, stout, dark, and surly, placed his gun against Masterson's breast and fired, even setting fire to his victim's clothing by the shot. Bat ran out, and Ed staggered toward him saying, "I've got my dose, Bat; I'm done for." Some men would have caught their brothers in their arms, others would have begun firing without a word; but Bat Masterson did one of the things which prove him, his old comrades say, a great general. His mentality covered every feature of the situation. First he sprang from the lighter sidewalk into the darker street. Then he said to his dying brother, "Ed, put the fire out of your clothes, go across the street and get help. I'll stay here and tend to this." Wagner fell at his first fire, shot through the abdomen, and died that evening in terrible agony. Next he shot the leader Walker through the lungs and through the side, and, still firing rapidly, chased the other cowboys out of sight from where he stood. In the twinkling of an eye he had whipped a drunken mob of mad killers, slain two men, avenged his brother's death, and restored order in Dodge City. The tall figure of the fair-faced Walker, with death hanging over his head, walked slowly up the sidewalk to the next saloon-door, and quietly through that saloon to the rear, where he fell in a heap. Masterson, showing his continuity of purpose, ran swiftly after him, found him, as he supposed, dead at the back door, and came away, for he never kicked a man when he was down. Returning to the front he met his friend, the prosecuting attorney, the Hon. Mike Sutton, now collector of internal revenue for the State of Kansas. "Come on," said Bat, "we'll go quick and see how Ed's getting along," and walked swiftly across the street in quest of his brother. The spectators on the other side, by the light of his burning raiment, watched Ed Masterson stagger across the street and the railroad track to the north, then gathered him up and gave him every attention. Bat came in as his brother was gasping for his last breath. He turned away, walked across the street with his lawyer friend, seated himself upon the sidewalk, dropped his head upon his hands, and suddenly burst into tears. "It will grieve mother to death," said he.

Some twenty years ago, with revolvers and poker decks the Argonauts of Dodge City went to Tombstone, Arizona, in quest of the Golden Fleece, Bat Masterson among them. His brother James, the least forceful of the family, remained in Dodge and got the worst of a quarrel with Peacock of the Lady Gay, and Updegraff, his barkeeper. Though it was generally understood that Jim and Bat were not on speaking terms, Charley Ronan wired the brother at Tombstone, and he took the first train to Dodge to fight for the reputation of his brother. At eleven A.M. the train reached Dodge. Masterson alighted, walked across the street to Mike Sutton's law office, stepped into the adjoining bedroom, laid off coat, collar, and cuffs, and removed the travel stains, as is customary with gentlemen when they have travelled fifteen hundred miles to shoot up a town. Casually remarking that Jim seemed to have been having some trouble, he walked down-stairs and out on the north side of Front Street. The railroad runs through the heart of Dodge, and on each side is a highway, giving Front Street the effect of a double avenue. On the north and south it was lined with saloons, dance halls, and business houses. The Lady Gay Dance Hall was over on the south side, and Mr. Masterson on the north. Shaking hands with Shugrue, he glanced across the railroad track and saw Peacock and Updegraff walking diagonally across the open space south of the track from the Lady Gay to the railroad station. Hastily remarking that he had some business, he ran out on the track and accosted them.

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"Oh, Updegraff!" said he, throwing up his left hand. As they looked he called, "I'm after you, come a-shootin'," and the modern tournament of Ashby-de-la-Zouch had begun. If Ivanhoe was ready and fearless with his challenge, Bois-Guilbert and Front de Bœuf were sufficiently spirited in reply. They promptly returned the fire, the opposing forces slowly advancing. But suddenly Peacock's friends from the south and Masterson's from the north opened fire, and Shotgun Collins put in an appearance on the railroad track, back of Masterson, with his simple weapon. He had, it appears, come all the way from Tombstone with Masterson simply to demonstrate his friendship. Damon did no more for Pythias. The allied forces skipped behind the little calaboose which stood in the centre of the open space, and, Peacock taking one corner and Updegraff the other, continued the vendetta. Charley Ronan, backing up his telegram, and Neil Brown, sportively known by his friends as "Skinny" Brown, began firing in open order from Beason and Harris's on the north. The Hon. Robert Wright, a prominent and wealthy business man, known in the Southwest for forty years as Bob Wright, and the Grand Duke Alexis's famous friend, Mr. Chalk Beason, who were well known peace-makers, finding their efforts as unnoticed and unavailing as Mrs. Partington's equally celebrated endeavor at the Atlantic with her broom, strategically secured situations which best united dignity and safety with a view of the conflict.

Dodge City divided itself into three classes of people. One class arrayed itself in support of the respective gladiators; another, following the examples of Wright and Beason, secured the best view possible and filled the parquet; the rest of the town lay on its faces and listened to the rattle of the guns. The windows of the buildings were shot to pieces; a hundred hair-breadth escapes have been enumerated; but, oddly enough, the only man hurt, and he recovered, was Updegraff, who had precipitated the conflict by his treatment of Jim Masterson. He was shot through the lungs, and, jumping a seven-wire fence, made his way to his quarters in the dance hall, in the midst of the fusillade. The conflict ended almost as suddenly as it began, principally, I think, because everybody was out of ammunition. Collins was making so much noise with his shotgun that he failed to realize hostilities were discontinued, so Bob Wright went down and pulled his sleeve and called his attention to the fact. Mr. Collins apologized very nicely for his remissness, put on his blanket, and came back on the reservation.

Masterson walked up from the railroad track endeavoring to reload a very badly heated revolver. Mayor A. B. Webster, who as representative of a vigilance committee had killed his man at Hays City, and was quite a stickler for law and order, was very much disgusted with this promiscuous violation of the city ordinances and the apparent inefficiency of his police force, due probably to their sympathy with the various contending factions. By this time Webster had secured his own shotgun, and, coming out, he promptly covered Masterson, saying, "Put down that gun." The Ivanhoe of this affair could hardly decide what the mayor's attitude was, and suggested, "I will bring it to you"; to which the mayor responded, "Put down that gun or I'll kill you." Bat hesitated, but in response to the call of his friends dropped his pistol and surrendered, and the tournament was completed. Masterson was immediately taken to the police judge's office, and at twelve o'clock very properly fined five dollars and costs, which he paid. Even his best friends admitted that the police judge only did right. He had arrived at eleven, paid his fine at twelve, and at three P.M. Mr. Masterson, accompanied by his fidus Achates, took the train for Tombstone. He had vindicated the family reputation, restored the prestige of the Masterson name, and demonstrated to the world that there are still knights-errant who will travel three thousand miles and risk their lives in fair and open conflict to uphold a brother's cause.

Nor did these strange individuals fail to appreciate the fact that they were modern additions of ancient knighthood. Some sneaking imitation of a man under the cover of the law had wronged and insulted Masterson as such hypocrites do. He came to Masterson and held out his hand, pretending a friendship he did not feel. The frontiersman caught the hand in his, looked the fellow in the eye a moment, slapped his face twice with his open left hand, and pushed the other away. "Now, you —— ——, go and shake hands with somebody who wants to shake with you. 'The hand of Douglass is his own,'" he said.

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The Modred of the Dodge City Round Table was David Mather, a Connecticut Yankee, and a descendant of the Cotton Mather family. Furtive, suspicious, secretive, he was known from Los Vegas to Dodge City as "Mysterious Dave." He and Cyrus were the sons of a Yankee sea-captain who was lost at sea. They undertook to farm in the Solomon Valley, but the Indian troubles drove them out. They came to Dodge City and engaged in breaking prairie for the settlers, soon turning their attention to buffalo hunting. The Indians stole their horses, and they proceeded to retaliate by establishing a large trade in Indian ponies. Dave sold a herd of forty in Dodge City at fourteen dollars a head at one time. The soldiers interfered with their business in a measure by attempting to protect the Indians, and it has been charged that Dave took out letters of marque and levied on the Government stock of horses. This was done, however, in a purely playful spirit, if at all. The Mathers soon desired a more settled life, and turned their attention to playing poker at Dodge City. Dave served as deputy sheriff, and, I believe, as marshal. He seems to have been a faithful officer. At one time he was playing poker in his brother's saloon with a man named Barnes. Just as Sheriff Shugrue came in, Dave Mather swept the stakes off the table and slapped Barnes. The sheriff warned him to desist, when Cy Mather suddenly called out, "Look out, Pat, the other Barnes is pulling his gun." Shugrue immediately caught the other Barnes, but the original Barnes went after his gun and fired at Dave Mather, just grazing his forehead. Cy Mather opened fire in defence of his brother, and everybody took a hand, in fact, with results eventually fatal to one of the Barnes boys; but Shugrue finally secured peace and told the Barnes family that they might "consider themselves under arrest." He then escorted his special captive Barnes to the jail, and said to Dave Mather, "I put you in charge of the other Barnes. Keep him here till I return." This, however, was merely a bit of strategy, as he promptly returned, and arrested all three of them, the two Mathers and the remaining Barnes. The Irishman shrewdly calculated that Dave Mather, put in charge of the prisoner, would consider it his duty to stay. Evidently the Yankee had a code of honor up to which he lived.

There was and still is a considerable prejudice against Dave Mather. Many declare him to have been a cur who would not fight on the square, that he was a horse-thief and a highwayman. Mather complained frequently of this prejudice. He once said to a friend, "If I sit down in a crowd of twenty-five, and some son-of-a-gun of a stranger comes along looking for a fight, he passes twenty-four men by and jumps on me." It is doubtful if a Connecticut Yankee of the Cotton Mather blood would particularly commend himself to the genial spirits of the Southwest. His appearance furthered the prejudice. Five feet and ten inches high, slender, stoop-shouldered, walking always with his face toward the ground, never looking a man straight in the eye, quiet, reserved, coming and going unheralded and unadvertised, it is not at all surprising that he was known as "Mysterious Dave." He had a steel-blue eye, over which he always pulled down his hat closely. He had a simple and gentle face, as little like a fighter as you could imagine. My observation has been that most of the bad men of the border were blue-eyed. A man with a soft blue eye will always be selected by a bully as a victim in preference to these snapping black, brown, or cold gray eyes. On the average, men possess about the same amount of courage, and when the blue-eyed man has been imposed on sufficiently he resents it; one combat precipitates another, till he gets a reputation up to which he feels he must live. There is your fighting man. Mather was a good example.

However, there was not an entire lack of justification for the criticisms. He once remarked, "These killers are all murderers. All of 'em look for the best of it. If I made up my mind I had to kill a man, I'd rather find him asleep than any other way." When he was deputy marshal at Los Vegas, a man stepped up to him, put a pistol in his face, and said, "You're the fellow who goes around here killin' people. I'll just fix you out right now." Mather threw his hands before his face and backed off. "No, no!" said he, "you are mistaken. I'm your friend. I'm no killer. I'm peaceable. I'm your friend. I'm your friend." The puzzled avenger hesitated and dropped his gun-hand by his side. As Mather shoved his pistol back in the holster, he glanced at the corpse and remarked, "Now don't make any more mistakes." Somebody told him one day to look out, that Bat Master-

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"THE ONLY DESCENDANT OF COTTON MATHER WHO HAS DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF."

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son would kill him. Sometimes he stuttered slightly. He said, "No, I may kill him. He will shove his gun in my stomach and orate. I'll turn 'round, put my hand in the middle of my back, and say, 'You shoot me right there; you can do it.' He will drop his hand by his side, and then he'll c-c-climb the golden stairs." Mr. Owen Wister, in a recent number of this magazine, had a very logical discussion of the bad man. Dave Mather was about as correct a type of the bad man as could be found. Take notice that he was simply a modern buffalo-grass edition of that Cotton Mather who burned witches and abused everybody who did not happen to believe just as he did.

The story they tell of Mather's Los Vegas experience was probably correct. The Henry gang took possession of a dance hall and began to make life a burden for the peaceful denizens of Los Vegas. Marshal Tom Carson, followed by the stoop-shouldered figure of policeman Dave Mather, stalked into the room and called for order. At the first shot all the lights went out except one. A terrific fusillade in the darkness followed, and the marshal, with both arms broken, walked unsteadily to the door and died. For several minutes the affray continued so fiercely that no policemen cared to enter. Gradually the cowboys appeared, running for their horses. When the smoke cleared away and other officers ventured in, the silent and stoop-shouldered figure of Dave Mather was found holding two prisoners, one badly wounded, while four dead cowboys scattered over the floor certified to the craftiness, the gameness, and the good pistol practice of the only descendant of Cotton Mather who has distinguished himself.

In 1879 he was employed by the Santa Fé as a gladiator to protect their right of way near Pueblo against the Denver and Rio Grande. In 1885 he was hired by the Northern cattlemen to prevent the passage of Texas cattle across the Cherokee strip. In both instances he was merely a member of a company. When put in danger, Mather was exceedingly dangerous, and it is likely that more bad men were afraid of him than of any other walking arsenal who patrolled the border line. Returning to Dodge he found himself so out of favor with the administration, that after he and Dave Black had barricaded their rooms for several days they were glad to escape between two suns. Three days after, as Bill Tilghlman, who had been the chief instrument of his expatriation, was purchasing a ticket at the Kansas City Union Depot, somebody touched him on the shoulder. He turned to confront the simple face of "Mysterious Dave Mather," to suppose that Mather, as usual, had the drop on him and that he was a dead man. But the austere and sombre Puritan merely put out his hand, said, "Hello, Bill!" and drifted out of the life of Dodge City forever. From the British Northwest territories came the report that he had enlisted as one of the mounted police, looted the stage he was sent to guard, and escaped with twenty thousand pounds. His brother Cy reports that he was killed by the moonshiners in the mountains of Tennessee. Did this last of the Puritans terminate his career as a hero or a highwayman? Quien Sabe? Like Tennessee's Pardner, he played a lone hand.

I am afraid that the Round Table of Dodge City, with the little hole in the centre, can exhibit no green baize-covered Sir Galahad. Probably, if the truth were known there was no Sir Galahad at the other Round Table; but one of the Dodge City members was neither a gambler, a killer, nor a bad man. Patrick Shugrue disclaims even ever having had any difficulties in arresting bad men. He seemed to think that, "You may consider yourself under arrest," had a hypnotic effect, for he always used that form. According to his own diffident version he must have been a sort of a Pied Piper around whom his captives sportively played. Pat is five feet seven inches high, and weighs about one hundred and sixty pounds. His sturdy and rather awkward figure; his strong, shrewd face, as homely as Abraham Lincoln's; his unique and original, though simple and unaffected utterance; mark him as a peculiar man. He and his twin brother Mike were the sons of an Irish schoolmaster, born in County Kerry, Ireland. Pat was raised by his grandmother in the mountains of Kerry, and came to America at ten years of age unable to speak a word of English. While Masterson was hunting buffalo and Mather was stealing horses from the Indians in the territory, this little sawed-off Irish blacksmith was shoeing horses for the United States of America at Fort Dodge. He moved into Dodge City and opened a blacksmith shop. At that time hunting buffalo

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and stealing horses were the principal avocations in the Southwest. Stealing horses from the Indians was, of course, a legitimate industry. Stealing horses and mules from the Government was sometimes regarded with indifference, with the same tolerance that we extend to a tramp stealing a ride on a train. Patrick Shugrue, of course, enjoyed an extensive business among the horsemen. While he was too honest to be involved in anything wrong, he was too good a business man to become inquisitive.

In 1878, however, he was accidentally elected constable. His brother Michael, who was wagon-master at Fort Dodge, requested his aid in running down a horse-thief who had taken a fine Government horse, which was presumably in a big stable south of the river at Dodge City. While Pat deprecated the loss of custom that would ensue, he determined to do his duty. "What did you come here fer?" said the suspicious landlord of the horse hostelry. "Nawthin'," said Pat. "I'll play you a game of seven-up fer the drinks." The game ended, Pat expressed a desire to inspect and purchase a couple of ponies, and soon located the Government property in the stable. "Whose horse is that?" said the constable. "I dunno," said the landlord. "You don't?" said Pat. "You may consider yourself under arrest." "What fer?" said the landlord. "Fer receivin' stolen Government property," said Pat. "Heavens," said the landlord, "if I tell you, they'll kill me!" but he gave the man's name. Pat knew the fellow was sleeping in a dug-out, with a bunch of horse-thieves near town, and went home and secured a shotgun and a warrant. They wanted him to take a posse. "No," said the blacksmith, "that would simply stir up a row with them," and he walked out to the dug-out, pushed the door open, and stepped in, shoving the shotgun ahead. Six lay in the bunks about dozing. "Mr. Jones, git up," said the Irishman. "I've got a warrant fer you. Consider yourself under arrest." One young man stirred in his bunk and reached for his gun. The new peace officer threw the shotgun on him. "Young feller, you make another break like that an' I'll kill you. I didn't come down here to make no gun trouble, but I kin tell you right now I didn't come down here to git the worst of it. You come along with me," said he to his prisoner. "Read the warrant," said that gentleman, who stood on ceremony. Accordingly Patrick, holding his gun on the fellow, held the warrant above it like a sheet of music and read it to him. "I'll go peaceable," said the prisoner, "but I'm lame and can't walk." "Well, you'll walk out o' here fast enough," said Shugrue. "Git out o' that bunk before I shoot a hole in it." The gentleman responded with alacrity, and the constable marched his prisoner to town. The horse-thief is now a rich banker, and the captor is a poor man. "I thought the thing over," said Pat, "an' right there I declared myself agin horse-stealin'."

In 1883 Patrick Shugrue was put forward for sheriff with the city administration against him. The mayor appointed forty deputies. Pat went to him and demurred, saying they did not need so many, that it would cause friction. The official vigorously and somewhat rudely declared his determination to maintain the number. Pat regarded it as an attempt to bulldoze his friends. "You may not have so many to-morrow," said he. When the polls opened next morning, Wyatt Earp and Bat Masterson, summoned from the Far West, stood on either side. "What are you fellows here for? Do you think you're going to vote?" said one of the deputies. "No," said Wyatt Earp, "we are here to see that Pat Shugrue gits a square deal." A consultation followed, the deputies went out of business, and all the sporting and fighting gentlemen gave their attention to betting on the election. Pat carried the town by eighty-six, every precinct in the county, and was triumphantly elected. A stranger might wonder how he could command such loyal support from such men, but it was because the little Irishman was made of the right kind of stuff, and he remembers his friends.

Shugrue served two terms as sheriff of Ford and the fourteen counties attached to it for judicial purposes. He never lost a prisoner, and he got the men he went after, but he never found it necessary to kill any one. When we remember that some of the worst men in the world were included within his jurisdiction, it must be conceded that Pat and his brother Mike, who was for ten years sheriff of Clarke County, with a similar record, though Mike killed two men, were two of the most efficient peace officers the West ever knew. Pat, modest in re-

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gard to his own merits, is almost loquacious in relating those of his brother, who is indeed regarded by some as perhaps the better of the two.

In response to Ed Julian's request, the sheriff went to his place of business only to find a big pistol shoved in his face. As the assassin fired, Patrick caught the pistol in his hand and held it up. The bullet grazed his face, and the powder left its terrific marks all around one eye, where they will remain till Pat Shugrue follows his twin brother to where all good Irish Catholics go. Julian was a strong man, but the wrathful and powerful little Irish blacksmith wrested the weapon from him, and, quivering with indignation, faced the trembling figure of the assassin. "I ought to kill you," said he; and then, pausing a moment, added, "You may consider yourself under arrest."

Of course there are those who think the Shugrues should have killed more people. The criticism is similar to the one Seth Mabry passed on Ben Thompson. Twenty-five hundred delegates held a cattlemen's convention at Austin. A banquet was given to a select fifty-two. The local Congressman, for some reason, was not invited, an affront which his friend Ben Thompson determined to resent. Accordingly when the banquet hall was opened, Mr. Thompson stepped in with his six-shooter, and in a pleasant and quiet way broke every plate, and knocked every wine bottle off the table. Seth Mabry said to Bob Wright, "They say this Ben Thompson is such a brave man. I don't think he's such a brave man. He cut off a little party of fifty-two of us and jumped on us, but if he's such a brave man, why didn't he tackle that convention of twenty-five hundred men?" Patrick Shugrue was not a bad man and never claimed to be a killer, but he was a fine type of the border peace officer, who did his duty without fear or favor, and that is as high an encomium as can be passed upon the most dashing knight that ever rode out of Camelot with his lance across his shoulder.

Mather's chief characteristic was the instinct of self-preservation. That dormant, he was an ordinary, commonplace fellow; that instinct aroused, he became a cruel, ruthless, and scientific slayer of men, a veritable stick of dynamite. If he had added to his treasures the instinct of acquisition, he might have grown wealthy at some business which permitted him to levy tribute on his fellow-men. Shugrue, shrewd, sturdy, sensible, was simply the average man, exceptionally endowed with the idea of doing his duty under the only code he knew—the statutory law. W. B. Masterson had talents which in other walks of life would have commanded success. He might have been an excellent newspaper man very easily, as he showed capacity in that direction; but a restless youth on the Western border, he loved excitement, and it carried him into his mode of life. He really had little confidence in the accepted standards of society. His observation was that they most frequently sheltered cowardly rascals. He was a man of chivalric tendencies, and held as the sovereign principle of his career absolute loyalty to his friends.

The swish of the lariat, the shout of the cowboy, the crack of the pistol, and the Knights of the Border have passed away from Dodge City forever. Ancient Fort Dodge, that shook to the tread of the cavalry, that was the refuge for so many thousands against the raid of the Indian, is now the home of old veterans whose declining years are made easy by a grateful commonwealth. The Round Table of Dodge City has done its work and gone its way, as did Ulysses and his town burners, Romulus and his wife stealers, Roland and his henchmen, the good King Arthur and his friends and foes. In the path of them all follows a quieter civilization, better homes, and a higher life. But the bank wrecker succeeds the bank robber, the railroad wrecker follows the train robber, the bad man takes advantage of the unsophisticated, the bully coerces the helpless, and every vice of the border reappears in all the great channels of business but little better masked, while the sleek Pharisee boasts that he is not like the rude frontiersman. So will the story run forever, unless the precepts of the gentle Galilean shall obtain some actual hold on the instincts of the race—half-brother to the chimpanzee, that already endeavors to hold his head among the gods. Meanwhile, over against the storied shield of Sir Lancelot of the Lake, the Knights of the Border hang a stack of little ivory discs and four aces couchant, a six-shooter rampant on a baize-covered circle—the bullet-dented escutcheon of the House of Masterson.

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THE UNREGENERATED.

AN EPISODE IN THE HISTORY OF THE OUTLAW FOLK OF THE VIRGINIA BLUE RIDGE.

By Lindsay Denison.

Illustrated by Jules Guerin.

OVER the close matted fields of tree-tops, in the hollow of the three mountain-tops, roamed vagrant breezes. They stirred the foliage into squirming, serpentine tracks which were a moment later lost in the calm even tone of all the rest. The brook gurgled and rattled through the lower side of Ed Walrick's clearing; the echo of its chuckle ran up over the dark green slopes, and the notes lengthened into a rushing hiss, dying away over the ragged crests of the mountains.

There was no chill in the air, but with an animal's instinct of seeking warmth, Ed Walrick hitched himself along the side of his cabin, keeping within reach of the sun's rays. The necessity for exertion moved his spirit unpleasantly. He kicked angrily at the smudgy white kitten that capered, prancing upright, across his bare foot, chasing a half-withered leaf. The kitten, with a squeak of wrath, scuttled across the clay threshold into the cabin. Ed regarded a hawk that was circling about the peak of Pine Tree Mountain. One moment it was lost behind the sharp spike of the mountain-top, and the next it was sailing almost above him. Ed's violence toward the kitten stirred him to unwonted activity of thought.

"Ginny!" he called. "Gin! Oh, Ginny!"

Had he turned he would have seen her already standing in the doorway. She was tall; her features were large. Her bare feet were scrawny. A triangular rent in her faded, pink dress exposed her naked knee. It was little more than a bone covered with yellow parchment.

"Ginny!" called Ed again, but drowsily.

"You, Ed Walrick!" she said.

Ed turned his head quickly and bent his muscles for a spring.

"You, Ed Walrick," she said, "what you been doin' to Sissy's kitten-cat? It's nigh scart to fits."

"Nothin'," he answered brazenly, but with heel, head, and elbow all set, poised for quick flight. "Nothin'. Kitten-cats is too easy scart. The critter had no call to be so set on by a wuthless tree-leaf. 'Sides, it trifled with me thinkin'. I only shooed it away to clear my thinkin'."

"An' what," asked Virginia, coldly, "be you so taken up with?"

"The hawk yonder," said Walrick, relaxing his physical strain to put all his energies into his wits. "It ain't got no call to work the way it do, Ginny. It keeps aslidin' an' aslidin' 'roun' Pine Tree like it were a needful thing to do. The chicken fowels, which they are the food for hawks and owels an' such, are right here in we-all's clearin'. The critter don't profit nothin' lookin' for boomer-squirrels an' such up on the mountain, do he, Ginny? What mought be the critters call, Ginny?" He repeated the question querulously once or twice.

Ginny had gone back into the cabin. From the other side of the house sounded a tinkling of steel against stone. Two of the children were digging potatoes, the stunted product of the season's unthrift. Vaguely, as in a dream, he felt that the strokes ceased and were followed by cries of alarm.

"You, Ed Walrick!" The woman's stern call set him wide awake once more. He half rose as she advanced towards him.

"What you been a-doin' to the young ones?" she demanded. He sank back with a grunt of relief.

"Nothin'," he answered. "The young ones is over yond, on the Oak Mountain side." Experience had bred confidence in her justice. She never struck him without cause. Stepping over him, she ran heavily around the corner of the house. She returned, dragging a half-drowned child on either side of her. A tow-headed boy

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trotted behind, and behind him a tow-headed girl.

"You, Ed Walrick!" Virginia screamed at him. "Get up! It don't pester you whether the young ones falls into the spring an' gets drownded or not, but there's doin's on the mountain that orter pester you, and that right smart. You hound-dog! Most likely if you'd a-known the children was drowndin' you'd a-wondered what was their call to go so far from the place where they eat their misable victuals."

"Suppose they drownded. Suppose they did," he replied in his most philosophic manner, "there ain't no call to pull of 'em out. Ain't they plenty more where they come from? Ain't it easier waitin' for more to come than to break a neck chasin' after them that's goin—by drowndin', fallin' off cliff-rocks, or bein' rooted by hogs and such? It ain't as if there wasn't but one or two of 'em."

The two infants fell upon their backs; their cries were muffled by the folds of their single garments twisted about their heads. Ed rolled over twice, scrambled to his feet, and fled a few steps down the path. Virginia, her gnarled arm upraised and her fist clenched, followed him for half the distance. There was a cry within the house, and the woman's arm dropped to her side.

"All right, Sissy," she cried, "I'm a-comin'." She renewed her hold on the released infants and dragged them into the cabin, pausing in the door to call to the fugitive husband: "The young ones fell into the spring 'cause they was scart by somethin' hollerin' on the mountain. They 'lowed it hollered to lie low. It mought be Jake; or it mought be harnts. We-all ain't got no revenue men nor deputies to be runnin' from, you shiftless hound-dog!"

Ed grinned carelessly, sprawled down by the stump he had reached in his flight, and settled his head against a protruding root. He realized, with some satisfaction, that he was more comfortable than he had been on the baked clay near the door. He sincerely hoped that Sissy's cry, which had rescued him from Virginia's wrath, did not mean that Sissy was to demand his presence within. To him, dozing, came a call from the cleft between Pine Tree and Oak mountains:

"Oh, Ginny Walrick! Oh, Ginny! Oh! O-o-o-oh!"

It rattled against the two mountains, and from them to Blue Rock on the third side of the mighty triangle.

"He have no call," muttered Ed, sitting up and rubbing his eyes, "he have no call for no such doin's, troublin' we-all's rest. There ain't nothin' can give him call to raise no such caterwaulin'."

Virginia came to the door of the cabin and turned her fierce, keen face up to the ravine. She pulled the slat sunbonnet which swung at her back over her head, so that her eyes were shaded, and put her hand to her mouth in trumpet fashion.

"Who-o-o! Who-o-o! Who-o-o, Jake!" she cried, and the gathering echoes rolled up the cleft in a shrill broken scream. The last loitering syllable tired itself into silence. The boy and girl came out and stood by their mother. One after another other children climbed over the tumble-down rail fence and came running into the cabin. The lately rescued infants, their wet slips still clinging about them, crept to the door and peered warily at the mountain.

"Oh, Ginny!" came the distant cry. "Lie low! Lie low!"

The mountains reiterated the caution.

"Low!" they thundered, "low!" The caution growled away into the ravines: "Low, low, low!"

"Ginny," asked Ed Walrick, "when was a deputy up here last?"

"When Pete Jenks was killed," she answered shortly, "an' Pete killed the deputy, and they both fell over the cliff-rock. That's when. When Sissy and Pete's young ones come over here and took up with we-all. That's when. You go on inside and fix your gun." The children filed in silently with their father. The hawk, which had been circling the mountain, changed its orbit, so that the centre of its circle was above the cabin. His shadow crossed the flock of chickens, and with clucks and squawks of concern, they took refuge in the brier patches along the creek. The place was as still as if deserted. Only a thin skein of smoke which rose to the level of the mountain-tops and then drifted off to the horizon as the wind directed it told of human habitation. For an hour the sun moved nearer the bare knob of Oak Mountain.

A clod of dry clay struck the slab door of the cabin and burst in a cloud of yellow dust. The door was opened an inch or two. Half of Virginia's face was visible in the

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opening. Out by the fence, under the low branches of a wild cucumber tree, crouched a man. His face was so nearly covered with yellow brown hair that it was like a beast's. He motioned with a sweep of caution towards the mountain, and then, questioningly, towards the cabin, to himself, and to some object in the woods behind him. She threw back her head with a gesture of command that he should come to the house. He ran across the clearing as an Indian runs, swiftly, with his body bent far over and with his feet always parallel to the ground. Hugged close to his breast was a long-barrelled squirrel rifle. Like a shadow, another man skimmed across the open space behind him, and slipped into the cabin before the door closed.

"You-all was right peart, Mose," said Virginia, as the two squatted on the floor and settled their backs against the wall of the cabin.

"With Jake a-whoopin' like a lost cow-critter, we reckoned we had a call to be peart," sighed Mose wearily. "What be he a-hollerin' for?"

"You heared him holler," replied Virginia; "you heared all I heared."

"Jake ain't got no call to do like that," said Ed Walrick. He sat in a corner of the floor, keeping the lock of the gun which was in his hands in the light of a shaft of sunlight, which shot down from a hole in the roof. "Jake ain't got no call to holler——"

"Shet up!" said Virginia angrily. Ed was silent. Sissy lifted her head from the pile of rags on which she lay.

"You, Ginny," she snarled, "quit henderin' Ed when he's sayin' things. I wisht Jake weren't so set on hollerin'."

The older woman whirled round on Ed.

"You go on talk to Sissy," she commanded; "I'll tend the gun." Ed poked once or twice at the gun in a futile way, and then laid the weapon down and shambled across the floor to Sissy's side.

"You all are over-heedful of Jake," he began as soon as he was settled comfortably. The door opened and the room was flooded with light.

"Who-all be over-heedful of Jake?" snarled a newcomer, who stood in the doorway. "You, Ed?" The speaker grunted contemptuously. "You be the one to be heedful."

"What air wrong, Jake?" asked Moses, leaning forward with something like interest in his manner. Jake stretched himself on the floor beside him.

"The deputies be after Ed," he replied. Sissy screamed and caught Ed by the arm.

"You air lyin', Jake, you know you be!" she cried.

"Ain't!" asserted Jacob. "Deputies air after Ed. And it's you done it, Sissy." Sissy screamed again.

"If you come here to pester Sissy," angrily commented Virginia, "you better have stayed on you-all's own side of the ridge."

"I'm tellin' truth," Jake reiterated doggedly. "I was out by the big pine tree on my way over to you-all's, fetchin' a corn-proat Mandy baked for Sissy. There was three of 'em comin' up to the big pine tree. First off I laid low. But then I reckoned they wasn't after me. Ain't nary one had a gun, so I come out where they couldn't help but see me. The one that was on ahead, he says (I wisht I could mock him like he said it):

"'There be one of 'em now,' he says. I ain't never run nor nothin'.

"'Here you!' says he, 'what's your name?'

"'What?' says I, layin' low like I was plum foolish.

"'Be you Edwood Walrick?' says he.

"'Who?' says I.

"'Do you know which way Edwood Walrick's place be?' says he.

"'Who?' says I. He kinder got madded.

"'Here!' says he, hollerin' like he was on Pine Tree and I was on Blue Rock. 'Here,' says he, 'I be the sheriff. You know what the sheriff be?' In course I know the sheriff air some sort of a deputy, but I lie low.

"'How?' says I.

"'These be my deputies,' says he. I reckon I must a looked scart, for 'Have you broke the law?' says he, and I kinder thought that meant he was after me, but I lie low.

"'Who?' says I.

"'There air a man up here,' says he, 'name of Edwood Walrick; he have broke the law. He have two wives,' says he, 'and he air a bigginis,' or some such name as that, says he, 'an' I be goin' to arrest him an' put him into jail. You-all ain't got no call to break law,' says he. 'Do you know ary man have two wives?' says he.

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"'Ed Walrick,' says I.

"'Ain't I just tell you, "Do you know Ed Walrick?"' says he.

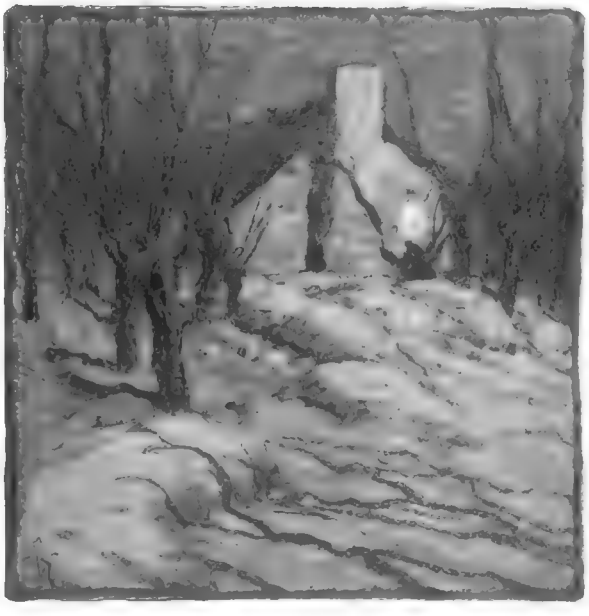
"'No,' says I, lookin' plum foolish.

"'You tell him "Edwood" before,' says one of the deputies, 'likely he ain't know Ed and Edwood be the same name.' Which in all sense they ain't. But I lie low.

"'How?' says I.

"'Which way air Ed Walrick's place?' says he.

"'Over yond,' says I, pointin' toward Blue Rock Mountain, and they went on down the road like they was makin' haste. I lie low 'til I ain't heared 'em argyfyin' any more, an' then I run on back to Mandy's an' fetch my gun, an' then I come on back an' turn off at the big rock to holler to you-all. When I come back from the rock to the road, there was the deputies. They'd done found they was on the wrong road while I was to Mandy's fetchin' the gun.



THE SILENT CABIN.

"'Here be another one,' says the head one.

"'He be the same one,' says the one which said that Ed were called Ed Walrick, an' no fool name like Edwood.

"'He be not the same one,' says the head one. 'This here one have a gun. They all look alike,' says he. 'You know,' says he to me, 'where Ed Walrick's place is?'

"'Yep,' says I, 'down yonder.'

"'This here one have more sense than the weak-minded one,' says he to the deputies. 'You guide us there,' says he to me.

"I went on down the road a piece, they followin' after. Then I took off one side of the road an' guided them along the edge of the mountain to Pine Tree run to the trout-fish hole, where the big rock hangs over the run, an' it's twict my height down to the water. I 'lowed to drop over the rock an' leave 'em up top an' come on down to you-all's. There ain't no valley man stands a chance to catch me comin' down the run bed.

"'No,' says the head man, 'we-all don't trust you. Two of we-all air goin' to drop over the rock, an' then you air a-goin' to drop over after us, an' then the other one of we-all air goin' to drop over after you. You air not goin' to slip us,' says he.

"Well, he an' another one dropped, an' I give the one which was left a shove, and he likewise dropped atop of them two, an' they was all in the run splashin' roun' like so many trout-fish when the water is drawed off from above. An' I come right on back to the main road an' come right on over to you-all."

There was a moment's silence as the gathering considered the story. Sissy's plaintive voice broke it.

"Have you fetched the corn-proat, Jake?" she asked.

"No," answered Jake, with a snort of disgust. "I clean forgot it, Sissy." The woman began to sniffle and sob. Virginia crossed the room and sat beside her.

"Jake," asked Virginia, "what do you reckon a bigginis is?"

"I have no reckonin' of it at all," he replied dubiously, "unless it be a man which has two women tendin' still for him."

The shadow of Oak Mountain was touching the pine trees at the summit of Blue Rock, before the voices of the invaders were heard coming through the forest. The

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children posted at the chinks between the logs gave the alarm. The men ranged themselves along the wall with the barrels of their guns resting on the inner curve of the logs. Ed did not stir from his seat. Virginia called to him angrily.

"Why ain't you up there with your gun along with the rest?" she demanded.

He looked about him helplessly. He opened his lips to speak, and said nothing. Instead he scratched his head. Virginia picked up the gun and thrust it into his hand.

With a crash of breaking saplings the sheriff and his deputies shook themselves free from the underbrush, and stood over the remnants of the tumble-down fence.

The sheriff was a young man. He was hardly more than thirty. He was the rector of the most prosperous parish in the Shenandoah Valley. The Rev. John Stark had been elected as a reward for having roused the community to the iniquity of their ways. He had chosen the nomination for sheriff, out of all they offered him. The office was one which appealed to his ambition to do things.

A friend who had been fishing in the mountains told John Stark the story of Ed Walrick and his two wives. To the newly-elected sheriff the story seemed more horrible than that of a murder. He seized upon it as his opportunity to strike his first blow. In the petty thieveries which had so irritated the farmers who lived nearest the mountains, the great difficulty had been to learn who the thief was. No one had ever seen a mountaineer in the act of stealing. The outlaws were as seldom seen in the valley as white ground-hogs. When they appeared, people stood in the doors of their houses and watched them. These occasional visits were for the trading of ginseng root ("sang" they called it) for "store goods"—fish-hooks, powder, shot, molasses, calicoes, and salt. Guns the mountaineers never bought. Their weapons were handed down to them from their squirrel-hunting forefathers and from the deserters from both sides in the Civil War, men who had added their own cowardly strain to the outcast breed.

The valley store-keepers watched the mountaineers with cat-like circumspection, and hustled them out of the stores as soon as the trading was over. Nevertheless, there was not a storekeeper in all the valley who did not tell marvellous tales of the manner in which the mountain people had mysteriously made away with far more than the exchange value of their "sang."

To Sheriff Stark it seemed providential that he should be provided with a definite reason for attacking mountain lawlessness at the very outset of his administration. From the conviction of the bigamist, as a text, he would preach his convincing sermon on law and order to the ungodly. In order that the occasion might be more impressive, it seemed to him well to go to Walrick's unarmed. He had insisted that his deputies should follow his example. He thought thus to bring home to the simple mountaineers the majesty and might of the law as distinct from the menace of bodily injuries. The three regarded the silent cabin with inquisitive wonder.

"Hi there! Hello!" shouted one of the deputies. The shout died away on the mountains with a thin laugh, cruel in its mockery. No sound came from the cabin. The sun had passed over the ridge. The sky above was overcast with a dull red glow. The chill of the coming night came out of the ground; a cloud, that had been a fleecy streak across the sky, became as a huge, grimy hand reaching down out of the blue, and the finger-tips were tinged with the fading glow.

"It is worth coming all the way up here to see," said one of the deputies, regarding the spectacle with an uneasy laugh.

"It's damned uncomfortable," said his companion. The ministerial sheriff turned on them with a glance of reproof. "Beg your pardon, Parson," said the profane one, "but it is, just the same. Let's get this man and get out of this."

The three picked their way over the fence and walked towards the cabin.

"I reckon you-all have come plenty far," cried a woman's voice from within. The voice was Virginia's. It tingled with menace. They stopped short.

"It is evident," said the sheriff, "that there is some one there." He was visibly pleased by the discovery. "Come on," he said to the others. The deputies did not follow him, and he was twenty paces in front of them before he realized it. "What are you fellows afraid of," he called back to them, laughing, "a woman with a pan of dishwater? Two duckings in one day won't hurt you." The deputies laughed sheepishly.

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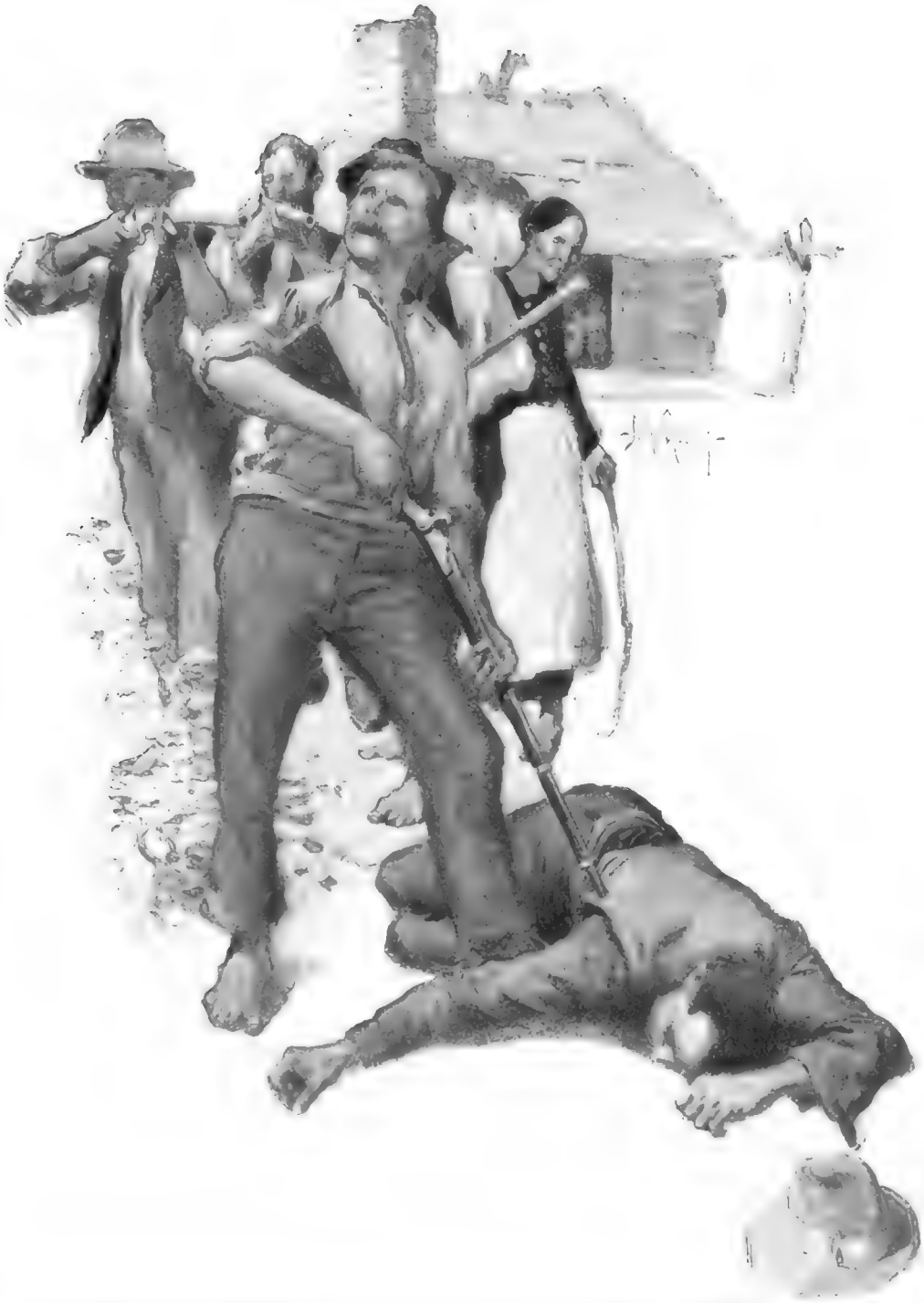

"THE MISERABLE CREATURE AT WHOSE HEAD THE THREE GUNS WERE POINTED, DEPRESSED THE MUZZLE OF HIS RIFLE TO THE SHERIFF'S BODY."

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"You-all air comin' no nigher," asserted the voice of the woman, "you-all better go on back where you come from." The sheriff turned to approach the corner of the cabin from which the voice came. "You come 'nother step nigher an' you ain't never goin' take ary one more! We-all air goin' to shoot you-all!"

There was a murmur of other voices within. The sheriff took off his hat and smoothed his hair back from his forehead.

"Woman," he said, "woman, I am the sheriff of Page County; I have come here with my deputies to apprehend the person of one Edward Walrick, against whom the Grand Jury has found a true bill for the crime of bigamy, and for whom I hold a warrant. If he is here let him surrender himself and return to the valley with me. I have come without arms. I want him to return with me, not because he is afraid of me, but because he has done wrong and must submit to the law."

Inside the cabin four men knelt, sighting their four rifles between the chinks in the logs. Virginia stood on a box in the corner, with her face close to a large hole at a clumsily fashioned joint. Sissy was on her knees between Jake White's rifle and Ed Walrick's. Her forehead was pressed closely to the log above the crack. When she turned to look at the men, her narrow eyes glittered greedily. The children stood in a row behind the men's heels craning their necks in the effort to catch sight of the sheriff and his men. They giggled and clapped their hands over their mouths to muffle their own glee when the sheriff announced that he was unarmed.

"Jake," said Virginia, and there was a note of protest in her voice, "he air plum foolish."

"He air for certain," answered Jake wonderingly.

"Ain't he said he were the sheriff?" hissed Sissy, turning towards them in wrath. "Ain't he said he were for takin' Ed away to the valley? Why don't you-all shoot?"

Outside the sheriff and the other two stood silent. The sheriff was still twenty yards ahead of the deputies, waiting an answer to his demand. The cloud had settled lower into the hollow in the mountain-tops. There were strange wood-noises in the forest.

Out of the side of the cabin leaped three shafts of flame and a cloud of rolling smoke.

"Don't do that!" cried the sheriff sharply. He threw out his arms and turned his face to the fading light. Almost as though he spoke mechanically, because the words were the consequence of the attitude, he began to speak again in a full, round voice:

"*The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love—in the knowledge and love*——"

He faltered, his arms dropped, and he fell forward on his face.

"You ain't killed the other ones," screamed a petulant, angry voice within. "Shoot 'em! Shoot before they run!"

The deputies turned and fled for their lives into the cover of the underbrush.

"Stop!" said one of them, when they stopped for breath. "We can't leave him that way. Suppose he isn't dead!"

They crept back. They saw three men and a woman come out of the door of the cabin. The men had rifles. A fourth man followed. He, too, carried a rifle. The three surrounded him and shoved him before them to the spot where the sheriff lay. Another woman, with a slighter, younger figure, followed the group timidly. The door of the cabin filled with children's faces.

"Ed Walrick," they heard one of the men say, "you ain't got no chance to trifle with we-all! You have got to have the same part in this killin' that we-all have! You have got to shoot him like we did! You have got to do it here an' now!"

The man to whom he spoke pointed the muzzle of his gun down at the prostrate figure. For twenty heart-beats the deputies held their breath, waiting for the flash. But Walrick turned his gun away.

"I ain't got no call," he said, in a tremulous voice, "to shoot——"

"You have call a-plenty," said the other man sternly. "Shoot, or else we-all will shoot!"

They raised their guns and pointed them at his head in grim earnest of their intention to fulfil the threat.

"I be goin' to count three," said the older woman. "One—two——"

The miserable creature at whose head the three guns were pointed, depressed the muzzle of his rifle to the sheriff's body, and turning away his head, fired. Gasping with horror, the deputies turned and ran for the safety of the oncoming night.

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DAVID B. HILL.

An Up-and-Down Career in Purely Machine Politics.

By David Graham Phillips

DAVID B. HILL has been twice Governor of New York, for one term United States Senator, and the State's Democratic party leader through victories and defeats. He has been (except during the last six years) one of the councillors of the party in the nation. He has supporters, not in his own State alone, who think him a Presidential possibility. In any event, when his party lines are once more drawn for battle with its adversary, he will at least wear a general officer's uniform.

Machine politicians may be the Lodges and Spooners; or they may be the "Big Bill" Deverys and the "Bath-house Johns," but all fall into one or the other of two classes—the class that plays the game for love alone, and the class that combines business with pleasure. Mr. Hill belongs to the class that plays for love only. He has always played the game for pleasure and for power, never for money.

Almost every other distinguished politician in the country has two sides—a public and a private side. Mr. Hill has only one side—the public, the politician side. Politics has been and is sweetheart and wife and children and friends to him. It divides his allegiance with no social pleasure, not even with his happiness, nor with horses, nor cards, nor sports, nor dogs, nor automobiles, nor anything whatsoever. He is a very able lawyer, but he practices law only because he must make a living; and the one reason for his rather close attention to his law practice in the last two or three years is that the political conditions have made politics all but impossible for him.

He is fifty-nine years old, and he has been a politician for nearly half a century. Of course the first five or six years of his political activity were not noticed; for small attention was paid to the son of the Schuyler County carpenter and canal boatman, as he hung about polling places and ward meetings and with open mouth and gaping eyes and ears listened to the talk of "the boys." But those years were valuable years in his political education. Then he learned "the machine"—its mechanism and its motion, and he got the bent of enthusiasm for exclusively machine politics which has been at once his strength and his weakness. His first political speech was made when he was seventeen, and was still at his books in the little high-school at Havana, where his formal education ended.

Like all the politicians of both parties in New York State, Mr. Hill's greatest fights, those that taught him skill in the game and won him more fame, have been within his own party. But the difference between Mr. Hill's fights and those of all other politicians has been in the character of his antagonists. It is only necessary to mention the names of his two principal opponents—Mr. Cleveland at one time and Croker at another—to make the point.

There are two great moving forces behind large political action—public sentiment and money. Most of our conspicuous politicians rely for their main support and power upon one or the other of these, or upon both combined in varying proportions. To mark the two extremes, with a Tom Johnson or a La Follette, public sentiment is exclusively the reliance; with a Quay or a Croker, it is "oil" that makes the machine run smoothly. But Mr. Hill relies upon neither. He has never been popular, as an inspired leader is, with either the people or the political workers. Nor has he been, on the other hand, expert with the "oil can," or the "dough-bag." He has prevailed by the force of an intellect strong in the construction and in the arrangement of political machinery. He has the knowledge of those forces without which public sentiment halts in transforming itself from will into action, without which money, however lavishly spent, is of no avail. It has been impossible for the politicians to get on without him. Again and again they have themselves dug him up from the grave in which they had themselves buried him, and accepted his advice.

Ask him the figures of the vote in any as-

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sembly district in the State for the past ten years and he will give them to you. Ask him the names of the party workers in the various counties, and their value, and, if he cares to confide in you, you will be overwhelmed with a flood of minute information. Ask him the political, industrial and racial divisions and distribution, the force and effect of various political ideas, of any part of the United States. He will tell you in the same detail and with the accuracy of a thoroughly informed student of that section. He knows politics—its mathematics, its geography, its geology, its chemistry. To an amazing memory he adds the power of attracting and assimilating all the facts bearing on the subject that he passionately loves. He has been studying it forty years, and not a day passes that he does not revise, correct, add to, and keep his information up-to-date.

Mr. Hill's arena for twenty years has been the State that is politically the most conspicuous and the most difficult. When they asked the Abbe Sigeres what he had achieved during the French Revolution, he replied "I have kept alive." A New York political leader who can say the same thing may be counted successful during these past twenty years of New York politics. To realize what Mr. Hill has passed through, it is perhaps enough to quote a few election returns indicating the convulsions of the parties in New York:

1884	Democratic plurality, - - -	1,047
1885	Democratic plurality, - - -	11,134
1888	Democratic plurality, Governor, -	19,000
	Republican plurality, President, -	13,000
1892	Democratic plurality, - - -	45,000
1896	Republican plurality, - - -	268,000
1897	Democratic plurality, - - -	60,000
1900	Republican plurality, - - -	143,000

It was at the Democratic State convention at Syracuse in 1882 that Mr. Hill became a power in State politics and a figure in National politics. There was a practical certainty that the nominee of that convention would be elected Governor; and there was the highest probability that the Democratic Governor of New York would be the Democratic nominee for President in 1884. Mr. Hill was then thirty-nine years old, and had served a long and successful apprenticeship to his local machine and to the State machine as ward-worker, small city official, assemblyman, State committee man, and mayor of Elmira. He had won a reputation for keeping his word to the people and to the party workers, for devotion to the machine, and for skill in its management. On this basis, and his good services as mayor in a day when mayors were usually the basest corrupt machine tools, he asked for the nomination.

But in that year there was another brilliant Democratic mayor who was also a candidate for that nomination — Mayor Grover Cleveland of Buffalo. The issue was squarely joined—the man or the machine? On the third ballot the man won. Mayor Hill was consoled with the unanimous nomination for Lieutenant-Governor. This, his formal entrance into State politics, was typical of his whole career—rewards, but not the rewards he sought; high honors, but not the highest; victory, but victory with a sharp sting of defeat in it.

Cleveland and Hill were elected; Cleveland was nominated for the Presidency and elected; Hill became Governor for Cleveland's unexpired term. The way was now clear for him, so it seemed. To be reëlected, to become the leader of his party in the State and its logical representative before a Democratic National convention when Mr. Cleveland should be no longer available, all that he had to do, in his opinion, was to make a good machine Governor, and to maintain and strengthen and keep control of the Democratic State machine—a powerful organization, founded by Tilden and developed by Tilden's pupils, of whom Hill was one.

A peculiarity of our two kinds of politicians —those who put principle first and party second, and those who put party first and principle second—is, that neither kind is able to measure and adequately take into account the force which the other relies upon. Once in a while there arises a public man—a Tilden or a McKinley—with that high genius for practical politics which commands an accurate survey of the whole field. But Mr. Hill is not of these rare men. His genius lies only in the direction of machine politics—give and take, an office here for a favor there, pleasing this faction without ruffling that, gauging the strong points and the weak ones in the opposition machine. Mr. Cleveland's friends watched with increasing suspicion his tireless industry, his secretive and even stealthy machine-building, the whisperings, the comings and goings on

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tip-toe. And when Mr. Hill was elected Governor, and Mr. Cleveland's administration began to be fiercely assailed, not only by the oppostition but also by the party workers whom he had disappointed, Mr. Cleveland's anxious New York friends began to look suspiciously at David B. Hill.

They saw, first of all, a machine that was strong and aggressive and not unpopular, in spite of certain queer sounds that came from its depths; certain queer sights that those depths revealed in disgusting unattractive glimpses. And at the lever of that machine they saw an engineer who knew its qualities—a lofty, dome-shaped brow, bold and calm and ominously thoughtful (how the caricaturists have appreciated that brow!); a strangely pallid face; a voice low and soft, with a note of caressing insinuation; a manner that surrounded the man with an atmosphere of aloofness—that invited partners, but not friends; and eyes of an expression that suggested a veil masking an intense purpose. If you go to the Uffizi Gallery at Florence, you see the portraits of hundreds of the great men who made the Italy of five centuries ago famous for its diplomacy—the diplomacy that used features to hide expression, and words to hide thoughts. Such eyes as Mr. Hill's look out at you from face after face until you feel as if you must fly before the unnerving mystery of bland and tranquil surface-concealing depths, where power is lying in wait, with purposes that may be benevolent and may be malevolent.

But Mr. Cleveland was renominated for President and Mr. Hill was renominated for Governor. It was a bitter campaign, with Mr. Cleveland's friends suspecting Mr. Hill's supporters; with Mr. Hill's supporters suspecting Mr. Cleveland's friends; with both factions suspecting the leaders of Tammany Hall. The event showed that the last suspicion was the just one. For the Tammany leaders, while they disliked Hill, hated Cleveland; they took advantage of Republican factional dislike of the Republican candidate for Governor, and traded Cleveland off and defeated him by 13,000, electing Hill by 19,000. The cry was raised that Mr. Hill had betrayed Mr. Cleveland, and many accepted the surface fact that Mr. Hill had benefited, as proof conclusive of a corrupt bargain. But the truth soon came out. Mr. Hill has always been too ardent a machine man not to live up strictly to the first commandment of straight machine morals—that the machine man should be the last to encourage voters to dispute their party's primary and convention decisions at the polls.

With himself elected as Governor, victorious at the same election when Mr. Cleveland had lost, with a Republican President in the White House, with the Democratic party of the nation casting about for a candidate for 1892, Mr. Hill saw bright visions of the Presidency that grew steadily brighter. The Democrats had won in 1872 (on the face of the returns); the Republicans had won in 1880; the Democrats had won in 1884; the Republicans had won in 1888. It looked as though the people were deliberately alternating the two parties in the possession of the National administration; and on that theory the Democrats should win in 1892. What more natural than that the Democratic party, seeking a candidate, should name its triumphant leader in the great pivotal State of New York, as it had done twice before! He had carried that State in 1885; had carried it in 1888 when Mr. Cleveland had lost it. Under Hill leadership Democracy carried the State again in 1889 and again in 1891, when Mr. Hill's successor, Mr. Flower, selected by himself, was elected, and a Legislature chosen that sent Mr. Hill to the Senate, Mr. Cleveland and Tammany against him. The Tammany leaders worked at least without open rupture in association with Mr. Hill's up-the-State machine, and, though its Tammany leadership was corrupt, even noisome, still its loyal followers were vital to Democratic success in the State, as its defeat of Mr. Cleveland in 1888 had apparently proved.

Altogether this was an able, an attractive calculation of Mr. Hill's. And he planned an able campaign for the nomination. With him he had the Democratic machine politicians in his own State, and in many other States. No public man was ever more cordially detested by the "workers" than was Mr. Cleveland.

But Mr. Hill and his hopeful supporters overlooked one significant fact—it is still significant in our politics. In the past thirty years the Republicans have always nominated "regular" Republicans for the Presidency, or men of unflinching loyalty to the machine; the Democrats have never done so, but on the contrary have always selected their Presidential candidate from

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outside the machine. In 1872 the nominee was Tilden, who won his fame and power by fighting corrupt machine rings in his own party. In 1880 it was Hancock, a professional soldier with no political record whatever. In 1884, 1888 and, to go ahead of our narrative for a moment, 1894, it was Cleveland, again a famous fighter of Democratic rings; in 1896 and 1900 it was Bryan, a Populist-Democrat, bitterly hostile to the dominant forces in his own party.

This significant fact of the hostility of Democratic National conventions to machines or anything that looked like machines, was the rock whereon Mr. Hill's brave galleon split and foundered. In the National convention of 1892, Mr. Hill and his lieutenants toiled in vain. All his arduous planning, his "snap convention" in his own State to insure for his candidacy the stamp of "regularity" as to his own State, all the whisperings and conspirings of machine leaders in other States, went for naught. Mr. Cleveland was nominated on the first ballot—Cleveland, 617; Hill, 114.

This ended the first phase of Mr. Hill's career, with its demonstration that for high ambition the man is stronger than the machine—so far, at least, as the Democratic party is concerned. But the second phase of Mr. Hill's career began—the present phase, in which he is seen fighting against Croker—the old-fashioned spoils machine, as against the new-fashioned boodle machine.

By a series of events in New York City politics the organized Democratic opposition to Tammany Hall was eliminated, and Tammany, led by power and plunder, grew like the green bay tree, until it overshadowed the Democratic party in the rest of the State. Its leadership fell into the rude but powerful hands of Richard Croker, who became autocrat, and took as his motto, as he frankly confessed before an investigating committee, "My own pocket all the time." In addition to the sources of corrupt revenue known to Tweed—blackmail of vice and crime, riches from contracts, swelling payrolls, etc.—there has been opened up a far richer source (the one so profitably, if judiciously, tapped by the Platt machine)—blackmail of corporations for "campaign contributions." In following up this new scheme, the Tammany leaders discovered that the State Capitol was an even better place to work it than the City Hall. Heretofore Tammany had been local, insular, with no disposition to make systematic raids outside the city.

Town-boss Croker now resolved to become State-boss Croker. That meant the ruin of Mr. Hill and the seizure of his up-the-State machine. It had fared hard in its fight of machine against man. Mr. Hill was now to try conclusions in a battle of brains against boodle. The Tammany watchword since 1893 has been "Humiliate Hill! Destroy Hill!"—for Mr. Hill is, of course, the brains of Democratic State politics of the old kind.

But Croker and his lieutenants knew that the up-the-State Democrat looks on the Tammany leadership as a disgrace to the party in the city, a menace to the party in the State. Hence the Croker policy has been, and is, to destroy Mr. Hill by placing him in humiliating positions, and by gaining control of the up-the-State organization through farmer or "jay" dummies and venal small town and rural politicians and political heelers. Croker had under his immediate control the delegates and other party representatives of Greater New York. In Brooklyn a clique of gamblers and "sports," devoted to Croker's interests, had gained control, leaving the merely nominal leadership in the hands of the venerable boss, Mr. Laughlin, a supporter of Mr. Hill. In addition to Greater New York, there were the boodle machines of Buffalo, Troy, and several other up-the-State cities, each having its miniature Tammany. Here was the basis for the conversion of the Democratic machine of the State into an instrument for plunder, whenever the Democratic party should be successful in a State election.

This "combine" was first active in 1894. As there was no chance to win at the polls that year, the "combine" proceeded to humiliate Mr. Hill. Those who attended the Democratic State convention in that year will not forget Hill's ghastly face and blazing eyes, as the Croker cohorts, wild and blatant, forced upon him the nomination for Governor that meant an inevitable, overwhelming defeat. They loaded him with mock flatteries; they hailed him with jeering plaudits; they drowned his attempts to extricate himself in torrents of satirical enthusiasm. In the National convention of 1896 the Croker "combine" let Mr. Hill alone. His enemies were too much alarmed for their own safety in that cataclysm to disturb him. He fought against free silver

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unaided. And presently all were retired from National politics to await the passing of the storm. In 1897 Croker was absorbed in his local fight for the control of New York City, and Hill was free politically to toil at rebuilding the up-the-State machine. In 1890 Croker saw a chance to get control of the State. The corrupt combination overbore Mr. Hill and the "decent" machine Democrats from the country districts, and nominated Mr. Croker's mayor's brother for Governor. He failed of capturing the State through the over-confidence and publicly exhibited arrogance of Croker. This defeat disgusted and alarmed some of the up-the-State members of the "combine," and once more Mr. Hill began to build.

A second great public humiliation of Mr. Hill by the "combine" was attempted at the National convention of 1900. Thanks to his skill at machine politics, Mr. Hill arranged to exclude "16 to 1" from the Democratic platform. But Croker, in combination with Mr. Bryan's followers, defeated Mr. Hill in committee. Croker had excluded him from the committee, and had substituted for him, in contemptuous derision, the man that had run for Governor. Croker and Mr. Bryan's lieutenants, acting together, made any fight against "16 to 1" on the floor of the convention impossible. Then came an attempt to repeat on a larger scale the scene of 1894. One of Croker's lieutenants, Grady, in a speech filled with mocking admiration and sneering compliments, nominated Mr. Hill for President on that ticket, foredoomed to disastrous defeat. But the convention saw through the scheme, and Mr. Hill's admirers in it helped him to avoid the blow. He made a speech which turned the ridicule upon his enemies.

Late in that same summer of 1900 came the State convention, with Croker leading his forces to ride rough-shod over Hill and the country delegates. When the crucial moment came, when there was a forlorn chance for victory, Hill refused to join battle. Was it his long training as a machine politician, his deep-seated passion for "regularity," and distrust of political enthusiasm, that made him tamely acquiesce after a feeble and halting protest and warning? Or was it a feeling that the time had not come for a square battle with "the powers that prey"? Hill's admirers will incline to the latter explanation. But perhaps most disinterested students of his career will insist that it is impossible for him to rise above the machine feeling.

After the disastrous campaign of 1900, and Croker's second rout in his ambition to control at the State Capital, came a year ago Croker's ejection from the City Hall. He departed for Europe. Once more Hill is at work. He has reëntered National politics also, for that is an important part of his effort to take the State machine away from the feeble hands to which Croker entrusted it.

Like Platt, Hill clings to the old methods of the machine. He either would not or could not learn what seems to be the plain lesson of his defeat by Mr. Cleveland—the lesson that the man, inspiring popular confidence and advocating policies of conviction, is stronger than the machine, however delicate its adjustments, however strong its parts. Nor has he advanced as far as Platt. For Platt has seen that the old machine methods must be adjusted to modern conditions. But Hill either cannot or will not benefit by the lesson of his defeats by Croker. He still stands for the machine constructed to distribute offices and more or less legitimate benefits.

At present Platt can afford to believe that the independent is ridiculous—his machine is well "oiled," and is strong through the weakness of the opposition. Hill, with his battered and shattered machine, and with an "oil-can" absurdly small from the point of view of present-day money-ideas, can hardly afford this belief. That is why we find him turning—very reluctantly and timidly—toward the independent voter. But is it not as impossible for him to free himself of machine limitations as it would be impossible for Croker to sacrifice pocket for principle or for Cleveland to sacrifice principle for party?

Hill was bred a machine man. His victories, as well as his defeats, have been due to machine politics. And a machine politician he will remain to the end. Whether he is riding on the machine, or under its wheels, or is leaping agilely aside to escape its onrush, it is still his political god—"I am a Democrat."

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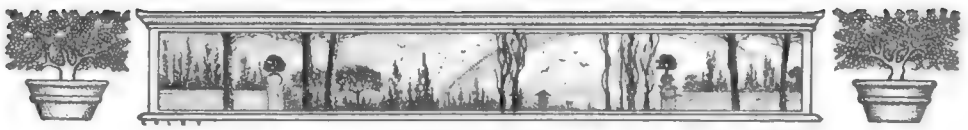

LITTLE STORIES OF REAL LIFE.

A BIT OF STATECRAFT.

By Susan Sayre Titsworth.

THE royal family was at the breakfast table. The King was frowning over the editorials in *The Vox Populi*, which habitually criticized his Majesty's policy; the Queen was examining through her lorgnette some court milliners' prospectuses which had come in the morning's mail; and the Princess was crushing viciously some broken egg-shells on her plate. Opposite the Princess was an empty seat, and presently the King, attracted by the impatient crackling of the shells, looked up over his paper at his daughter and then at the vacant place.

"Our guest seems to be sleeping late this morning," observed his Majesty pleasantly.

"He always does," said the Princess shortly.

"Well, there is some excuse for him today," suggested the Queen comfortably.

"The rest of us seem able to get up," announced her Royal Highness, with a toss of her head.

"Well, that's rather surprising, on the whole," said the King, with a twinkle in his eye. "I don't remember usually seeing you at breakfast the morning after a court ball, my dear."

"Didn't you sleep well?" inquired the Queen solicitously. "Did you get too tired?"

"No," said the Princess impatiently. "I'm sure I don't know what's the matter. Everything was so noisy this morning—that old sunrise gun woke me up. And there was a rooster crowing. I do wish, papa, that you'd issue an edict prohibiting roosters within ten miles of the palace."

"I'll mention it to the Lord Chamberlain," agreed the King amiably. "Anything else I can do for you, my dear?"

"Yes," said her Royal Highness. "Don't ask any more princes here."

"Dear me!" exclaimed her Majesty, surveying her daughter anxiously through her lorgnette. "You must have danced too much last night and tired yourself all out! You seem so hard to please this morning."

"What's the matter with the Prince, daughter?" inquired the King. "I thought he seemed like a nice young fellow. Doesn't he dance well?"

"Oh, I guess so!" returned her Royal Highness, with a shrug of her shoulders. "You'd better ask the Countess." His Majesty's eyes met her Majesty's eyes across the table in a swift look of significance; then he turned to the pouting Princess.

"He had a good time, didn't he?" asked his Majesty. "I hope he was polite enough to pay you the proper amount of attention."

"Oh, yes, he was perfectly proper!" snapped the Princess. "Drearily proper. He said just the right things, and the right number of them, and then he went off and two-stepped with the Countess. Oh, yes, *he* had a good time!"

"Didn't you?" inquired her Majesty with concern. "I saw you dancing a good deal with the young Landgrave, and I remember that you liked him pretty well. Isn't he a good dancer?"

"Oh, yes," said the Princess sulkily. "Anything, so long as he isn't a prince!"

"It appears to me," began the King, judicially, "that you have taken a most unreasonable antipathy toward the race of princes, haven't you? If a poor young man happens to be a king's son, you immediately fall upon him and rend him into little bits—metaphorically speaking, of course, but quite unmistakably. What's the matter, my dear? Considering your station in life, this is a very unfortunate habit of mind."

"Yes, indeed," added her Majesty. "You naturally will want to marry one of them, you know."

"Well, I think they are a most uninteresting set," announced her Royal Highness with emphasis. "Of all the procession that has paraded here lately, there hasn't been a single decent one. There isn't one of 'em I'd marry, so if that's what they're here for, your labor has all been thrown away." Their Majesties looked at each other again,

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and then at the Princess, who with a final grind was reducing her unfortunate egg-shells to powder.

"My dear," said the King gravely, "are we to understand that you are objecting to these young men individually and collectively as future husbands? Has anything been said to lead you to suppose that they were brought here for the purpose of looking them over and selecting a suitable husband for you? What has put that idea into your head?" The Princess grew red, dropped her spoon noisily and sat back in her chair.

"I should judge that in this last one you had selected a very suitable husband for the Countess," she rejoined crossly. "They have a regular crush."

"I am delighted that it is the Countess and not you that has what you so elegantly term a 'crush,'" observed her Majesty severely. "Where do you learn all this very choice language?"

"Largely from the princes," explained her Royal Highness, sardonically. "Yes, I supposed they came on tours of inspection. Do you approve of a prince who can't get down to breakfast before eleven o'clock?"

"My dear daughter," said his Majesty, "don't get excited. Your mother and I are not pining to bestow your hand upon anybody. You shall not be required to contract a marriage for reasons of state, so there is no occasion for heroics. If you do not wish to marry a prince, you needn't. Take some other kind."

The Princess opened her eyes. "Really?" she asked. "You wouldn't like me to marry a subject, would you?"

"Well, of course," responded his Majesty, picking up his paper again, "it might very likely lead to inconvenient contingencies; but we have only your true happiness in view, my dear, and you are at perfect liberty to choose your own husband. Of course, you won't take any very unreasonable steps; and, to tell the truth, we shall be quite as well pleased if you don't marry at all, and we can keep our dear little daughter to ourselves. We'll give the young man his walking ticket to-day if his presence annoys you." His Majesty smiled placidly at the Princess' blankly astonished face, and retired again behind *The Vox Populi*, while the Queen bent over her prospectus. Just at that point, there walked into the room a young gentleman in a riding suit, who announced sociably:

"Good morning. I hope you got my message all straight. I went for a ride with the Countess. Your Royal Highness should have been along—it's a prime morning."

The Princess looked at him as he sat down opposite her and proceeded to enter into a cheerful conversation with her royal parents. Then she deliberately pushed back her chair and walked out of the room. The Prince looked after her with a change of expression.

"Now what," he began, turning to the King—"what would your Majesties suggest as the next move?"

"My son," said the King—"the title may be premature, but it is certainly prophetic—you may drop the Countess whenever you please, now." And his Majesty winked across the table at the Queen.

IN THE HANDS OF A RECEIVER.

By G. W. Ogden.

MISS MADELAIDE CUTTER, Clerk of the United States Circuit and District Court for the Western district of Kansas, raised her trim, wise head, topped with an entrancing coil of closely braided brown hair, when Horace Bone appeared in the doorway of her office. Horace advanced to her desk, placed his hat upon a pile of petitions, drew his glasses from his waistcoat pocket, his scented handkerchief from the tail receptacle of his long, new and severely professional coat, and bowed. Then he daintily held the glasses by the nose clasp before him on a level with his breast, brought the hand grasping the handkerchief within four inches of the glasses, on the same elevation, spread his legs as if bracing himself to withstand an attack from behind, and looked abstractedly into Miss Madelaide's face. She blushed.

Horace brought his hands an inch nearer each other and fingered the handkerchief as if about to begin polishing the lenses of his spectacles. Then he paused, raised himself slowly to his tiptoes as he always did when opening a case, causing his new shoes to creak, settled back on his heels solemnly, and said:

"If the court please——"

Miss Madelaide laughed. Horace started violently, blushed, stammered, and put his glasses in his trousers pocket.

"Have you a petition to file, Mr. Bone?" asked Miss Madelaide.

"A petition," repeated Horace; "that is

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it exactly. Miss Madelaide, for the past four years I have felt a strong regard for you growing in my bosom. Yesterday, while arguing the case of plaintiff in Flannigan *versus* the M. and G., I looked across the bench to where you sat like a creature divine, at the right of the court, and in that moment, through the armor of my thoughts, the knowledge that I loved you broke upon me. Miss Madelaide, Madelaide, if I may, I have not delayed. Urged on by the fire of my passion, I have come to ask you to be my——"

"At this point, if the court please," said a voice at the door, "I would like to enter a demurrer."

"Shinn!" exclaimed Horace; "Jasper Shinn!"

Shinn bowed. "Senior member of the firm of Shinn & Bone, attorneys-at-law," he said. "Miss Madelaide," he continued, "this is the first case in which Horace and I have been opposed to each other."

"But I never suspected," said Horace.

"Certainly not," Jasper replied. "I never took the trouble to tell you. This was a case I preferred to handle without your valuable assistance, but since we now know how we stand in the matter, I trust we can proceed in a truly professional spirit."

"Assuredly, assuredly," Horace assented, warmly.

"Very well," said Jasper. "Since I have heard your argument, I think it is only fair that you should hear mine. We will present our cases, and leave the court to decide according to the law and evidence. Miss Madelaide, I love you. I have loved you ever since the winter afternoon that I filed the petition in the case of Gorman *versus* Burke, Shinn & Bone representing defendant. Before then I had admired, esteemed, respected you, but the raging conflagration of love was started when I reached across the table for volume 16, 53rd Vermont, and touched your hand. It was like a hot kiss of a glowing brand, and the little spot on the back of my right hand where your heavenly knuckle (it was your knuckle) touched—a spot so small as to be encompassed in a circle drawn round a silver quarter—has throbbed ceaselessly since that day. I love you, Miss Madelaide. I withdraw my demurrer."

Jasper stepped back. Horace advanced. "I ask you, Miss Madelaide, to be my wife," he said.

"And I," said Jasper, "ask you to be mine."

"In short," cried Horace, "we both ask you to be our wives—wife; but of course you must rule against one of us."

"I think," went on Jasper, "with all due respect to my partner in law, that you will find me more constant than any man alive."

"He may love you," Horace assented, impressively, "but his love can never equal mine."

"I protest against this unprofessional conduct," said Jasper, flushing and bringing his fist down on the top of the desk.

"Do you mean, sir," asked Horace coldly, "that I——"

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," came in stern tones from the door, "I cannot permit such conduct in court."

Both men looked round. In the doorway stood the Hon. John B. Wilkins, Judge of the United States District and Circuit Court for the Western district of Kansas.

"Further argument in this case, gentlemen, is not necessary," said he. "The property in question is in the hands of a receiver, and," advancing to Miss Madelaide's desk, he placed his hand upon her head, "I am the receiver."

THE SON OF A SAMURAI.

By Edith Norton Wood.

OUR Japanese house-boy had been with us for the whole nine months we had lived in California. He was a model of what a boy should be—neat, quiet, well-mannered, and efficient. He was small, of course, and rather delicately built, kind to the children, and to all appearances as gentle as a lamb. He proffered extra services gracefully, as though they gave pleasure, declined gratuities, and showed evidence of considerable refinement of feeling. He told a romantic story of his Samurai family, of his father, a "high officer," having been banished and his property confiscated because in a fit of passion he had killed a nephew of the Prime Minister. Akashi's personality did not seem out of keeping with this dignified origin, though it was difficult to imagine him the son of so tempestuous a father. But the Japanese character is full of surprises.

One day, as he was waiting on the lunch-table, immaculate in white coat and apron, with his chin held well in the air by his

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inordinately high collar, the talk fell on Sonoma County. Akashi appeared to be listening with some sort of suppressed excitement.

"I was in Santa Rosa one time," he said suddenly, but was instantly overwhelmed with confusion by his breach of etiquette in entering unbidden into the conversation.

Several hours later he came into my room to rub the andirons. Looking up from his work from time to time, he finally succeeded in catching my eye and began to talk.

"I was in Santa Rosa one time," he said, as though no interval had elapsed since he made the remark before. "Court house is at Santa Rosa. I was have business at court house."

At this point the andirons were forgotten. He rose to his feet and spoke rapidly, flourishing his bit of chamois skin now and then for purposes of emphasis.

"I stay in country, take care of pigs. I very young boy, not much time in America. I sit on grass near road. Three men come by me—two white men, one Italian man. One man say, 'Have you got match—you know—make a light?' I say, 'Yes, I have got match.' I give them match. One white man say, 'How you like that business?' I say, 'I like very much—very easy job just take care of pigs.' Man say he read in paper going be war with Russia and Japan—*sure*. I say, 'I very glad.' He say, 'Why you glad? Russia whip Japan.' I say 'Can not do that.' He say, 'Russia very large country—*so* large.'" Akashi spread out his arms by way of illustration. "'Japan very small country—so small.'" Akashi brought his extended forefingers within three inches of each other, with an effect of scorn impossible to describe. "I say, 'Yes, Japan small country, but got very good officers.' Many officers killed China war, but now got new officers, very good officers. White man say, 'Japanese officers very small men,—*so* small,'"—indicating again—"I say, 'Yes, they are small.' I say, 'I am small, but I am stronger than you!'"

Akashi's eyes were snapping fiercely by this time and his voice growing tense.

"They say, 'Aw, you are not stronger than us,'"—rendered with a provocative sneer. "I say, 'Come on!'"

Here Akashi tore off his coat and rolled up his sleeves with rather startling realism. He paused a moment for effect, then said calmly:

"They *all* come on . . . I say, 'I can not fight three men, I fight one man.'

"One white man come to fight me—very large man. He do so——" more pantomime—"What you call?—Punch. I don't know how fight that way. I fight Japanese way. I take hold his legs, throw him down on ground. Other white man come on. He hit me here." Akashi touched the side of his head. "Hurt too much. I very mad, pick up stone—hit him hard. Then Italian man come to fight. He take out knife, cut me here." Akashi pushed back the wiry black hair from his forehead and pointed to a long white scar. "Too near eye—very bad. Bleed too much. Hair not grow here any more. He bad man. I *very* mad. I take his knife away—cut him all over—*many* times! White men run away. I run away . . . Italian man cannot run way."

Akashi, who had been slashing all round the room in his excitement, now became suddenly quiet.

"Very soon policeman catch me, take me to court house. I can not talk English. A Japanese man talk for me. He talk English very good. He stay all time City Hall. That his business. I telephone him. He talk for me to Judge. Two, three times I talk to Judge in court house. I only have to stay one day and one night."—Note the euphemistic omission of the name of the locality.—"I young boy, seventeen years old. They three large men. That Italian man very bad. He cut me with knife. I cut him too, but I use *his* knife, not *my* knife. My friend tell that to Judge. I not have to pay any money. That Italian man have to go to jail. All people in San Francisco read about that in paper. . . . Oh, very much trouble!"

Akashi heaved a long sigh and, squatting down on his heels in front of the fireplace again, picked up his discarded rag and can of metal polish.

"That was when I have business at court house in Santa Rosa," he concluded, glancing over his shoulder at me with a smile of angelic serenity.

A STUDY IN GENTLEMEN.

By Lindsay Denison.

THEY were digging clams on the beach. One of them was the exceedingly able reporter of an exceedingly unpleasant newspaper. The other was the

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next to the youngest son of the President of the United States.

The son of the President was beginning to feel ill at ease. He wished that his companion would show more zeal at the digging of clams. The basket was filling very slowly. It was not altogether right that one who had been so anxious to share the joys of clam-digging should lose interest to such a degree when his fingers were actually buried in the muddy sand.

Mr. Gimlet, also, was ill at ease. To be sure, he had achieved the object of a week's patient waiting and smiling and watching. But the part of the beach to which the small boy had led him was in plain sight from the road. There were other reporters about who already regarded him with a disapproval which was not altogether professional jealousy. He hoped none of them would happen along. Moreover, his camera was in his coat. The son of the President had insisted that one who helped him to dig clams must first lay aside his coat. How was he to get that camera? How was he to use it?

"Of course," said the son of the President of the United States, politely, "if you're tired of diggin' clams we can do somethin' else."

Mr. Gimlet's face lighted with an inspiration.

"Let's play photographer," he said.

The boy surveyed him dubiously.

"A-a-all ri-i-ight," he said hesitatingly. He began to reflect that his acquaintance with this affable person rested on no very deep foundation. In fact, the gentleman had begun by admiring his pony, thereby displaying rare and attractive intellectual discernment. One's father was apt to laugh at the pony and say he could put it in his waistcoat pocket, which was as disrespectful as it was untrue. But what sort of a human being was it who would rather play photographer than dig clams?

"You see," explained Mr. Gimlet cheerfully, "I have a sort of toy camera in my coat. I will set it up on that rock over there and you will be the clam-digger who comes with his shovel and his pail to have his picture taken."

"M-m-m, yes," said the son of the President and dug his bare toe in the sand. He wondered if it was a good idea to come down to the beach clam-digging alone.

"By the way," remarked Mr. Gimlet, "I bet you don't know what the tariff is."

"I have heard of it," said the son of the President with dignity.

"How's that? Did you ever hear your father say what he thought of it?" Mr. Gimlet was growing so eager that his voice trembled. His face reminded the little boy somehow of the faces of his next oldest brother's guinea pigs the time they were left unfed for two days in succession.

"I think," he said, "I heard a reporter ask my father about it. And father said he'd rather not 'scuss it just now."

Mr. Gimlet became much engrossed with the camera. Meanwhile he began to wonder whether it was true that this child was strangely possessed of a prematurely developed understanding.

"Well, let's play that photographer game," he cried with rebounding cheerfulness. "You pretend to be digging clams, right over there where those shells are, and I'll be the photographer over here."

"'Scuse me for askin'," said the son of the President, slowly approaching the indicated spot. "I don't want to be too 'squisitive, but are you a reporter?"

Mr. Gimlet intended to say "No" promptly. But two big gray eyes were on him.

"Well, suppose I am, old man." He said it airily. "What of it?"

The face of the son of the President fell. Life was indeed a maze of unkind pitfalls. Who would have dreamed that one of the consummate discrimination to appreciate the calico pony could possibly turn out to be a camera-reporter? Oh, dear!

"I'd rather not play photographer, please."

"Might as well," said Mr. Gimlet, and his voice didn't sound nearly as cordial and nice as it had at first. "Because I can take your picture anyway, you know. You can't help it."

The little boy walked to him and looked up very squarely into Mr. Gimlet's eyes.

"Of course," he said, "if you want to take a picture when I don't want you to, you can. But if you're a gentleman, you won't."

Mr. Gimlet folded up his camera again.

"Let's dig some more clams," he said.

"Thank you," said the son of the President.

That afternoon the very unpleasant editor of the very unpleasant newspaper received a dispatch like this:

"Utterly impossible to get photograph of President's children at play. Secret service detectives pinched me and smashed camera.

"GIMLET."

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"HIS GUMMY EYES OPENED AND HIS EARS GREW SENTIENT."

VULP, OF THE CAROLINA REDS.

By E. Crayton McCants.

Illustrated from Photographs taken specially for Everybody's Magazine by Herbert K. Job.

"TOOK HIS EASE WHILE THE HOUNDS WORKED THEMSELVES DUMB."

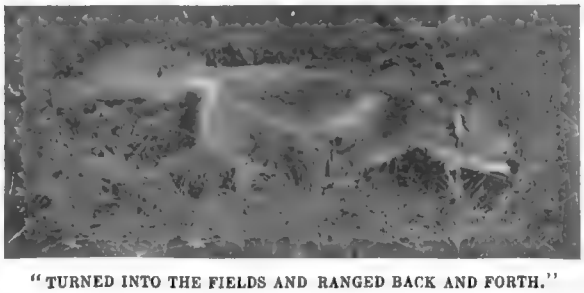
DOWN in the Southern country, among the rolling hills that fringe far to the eastward that bold escarpment known as the Blue Ridge Mountains, there is a clear little stream called Brightman's Creek; and upon "its waters," in the language of the old "land grants," stretching from the long blue curves of the Conakka ridges southward to the narrow plateau whereon the railroad lies, there is an abandoned plantation known far and wide as the "Blackberry Place." On the slanting hillsides and in the broad wastes of the deserted fields, brambles and berries and tall wild grasses grow, while down by the bends, where through the sunny days the creek sings a song to the pebbly shallows, coarse vagrant weeds rise tall and rank, and tortuous vines knot themselves about the rails of the tumble-down fences.

But though deserted by human kind, save as the 'possum-hunting negroes pass that way or keen riders follow the yelping pack, the old plantation has no lack of tenantry. Many landholders are there in the long reaches of sedgy field, the tangled, overgrown swamp-land and the deep shadows of the woods; and it was just where the old road descends abruptly to the creek that Vulp, the Red, was born.

Had Vulp been a common gray fox, the swamp would have sheltered him, but being a scion of the royal red, he was whelped in a cool, dark chamber dug in the clay of a gully bank and hidden well up under the roots of a ragged old walnut tree. There he lay when the tree put forth its leaves, looking little like a fox at all, for he was just a smooth brown ball of fur with an overgrown appetite and a pinched-out voice. And to him there was just one other thing in the world—a soft warm thing that fed and cuddled him—and there were times when even that thing was not. At such times—provided, of course, that he chanced to be awake—he lifted up his voice and wept, grieving in whines and sharp little yapping barks. He need not have felt so lonely; he had brothers there, and sisters, but he was blind, as yet, and deaf, and he knew nothing of them at all.

There came a time, however, when his gummy eyes opened and when his ears grew sentient, and when, with a vast daring, he essayed boldly to stand upon his wobbly legs. Thenceforward there was no more loneliness. Round and round their fur-lined nest of leaves the little foxes chased each other, and tiring of that they chased their own bushy tails. This they did clumsily, but less clumsily each succeeding day, until at last their legs were strong, their bodies supple, and their knees keen and pointed.

Smooth-worn and slanting downward were the ways that opened from the burrow, the one tortuous and



"TURNED INTO THE FIELDS AND RANGED BACK AND FORTH."

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ending in a pile of stones, the other direct, reaching the gully under cover of a trailing vine; and Vulp was curious. Still he was but smelling at the hole where some hours before his mother had disappeared outward, when a brother, intent on frolic, struck him suddenly, and lo! stunned by the shock of the fierce white light, he lay helpless in the sunshine on the soft clean sand at the tunnel's end.

The gully sand glistened in the sun, and the cool fresh breath of the morning—a June morning scented with clover blossoms—swept into his quivering nostrils. Uncertainly he raised himself, sniffing sharply up the wind and listening; then he stole away, marking the dry sand gingerly with his little pads. Just as he was essaying a climb up the gully bank, his mother, coming in late from her hunting, caught him up in her mouth and took him back to the "earth" at the roots of the walnut tree.

"IT WAS JUST WHERE THE OLD ROAD DESCENDS ABRUPTLY TO THE CREEK THAT VULP, THE RED, WAS BORN."

Still Vulp had learned of the world, and in the afternoons he led his brothers there and they sat in the sunshine at the burrow's mouth. When, in time, they had interpreted these things, their mother took them on short excursions along a near-by hedgerow, teaching them to hunt brown field-mice in the grass and to rout fat beetles from under the bark of a fallen log. And, having learned from the field-mice the good salt taste of blood, their appetites grew more insistent. Sometimes an old dog-fox, whom they knew, would leave a goose there or a rabbit or a hen. When they were fully fed, their mother led them forth into the open and slept in the sun, while her cubs tumbled over her or over each other, or played hide-and-seek in the tangled grass.

Thus their serious schooling began, for from this time the she-fox set herself steadily to teach her cubs to hunt; to know the places where the shy brown patridges harbored; to lie motionless through long, slow hours beside the rabbit runs; and to creep on feet that fell too soft for sound to the roosts of barnyard fowls—poor stupid man-fed things, that could neither run nor fight. Incidentally, Vulp learned the topography of his kingdom, the slanting gully ways and the hidden passages of the swamp—the water where a fox might wade or swim and the dry reaches of clean, hot sand which burns out the damning scent.

In these pursuits the summer passed and Vulp waxed strong and grew, and October came. Then, when the frost had hung the "Blacks berry" with yellows and gorgeous reds, the touch of the crystalized dew put a new daring into the young foxes' blood. One dark night Vulp stole out of the "earth" alone and, trailing his full brush low, took up the path to the ford. That is to say, he went that way at last, but before he finally departed he made a plain trail for a full half-mile in another direction; then he "back-tracked" a few hundred yards and "parted" the scent, leading away this time to an abandoned "earth" which he entered, only to emerge a few moments later by another opening. This done he glanced upward

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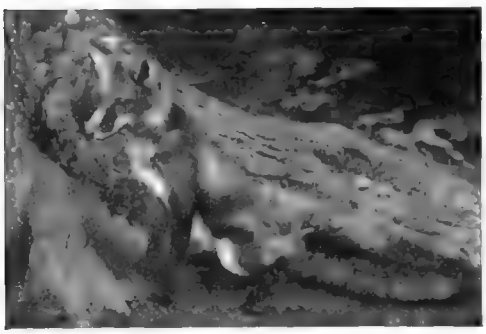
at the twinkling stars and slid away in a long, loose trot to the shallow crossing on Brightman's.

As he came down to the rippling water a gray fox out in the swamp called to him sharply, but Vulp merely snarled in answer and resolutely held his way. Coming to the "breast" of the hill on the farther side, he



"AT THE ROOTS OF THE WALNUT TREE."

turned into the fields and ranged back and forth, going "up the wind," lest the tainted air tell of his coming. But game seemed lacking and he turned to try elsewhere. As he did so, a foraging rabbit appeared down a "run," stepping lightly and listening. Stirred to the depths of his hunter's heart, Vulp forgot the tedious lore his wise old mother had taught him. With excited yappings he plunged like a clumsy dog, and springing out, gave chase in the open, while the rabbit, running low and pressing back its pointed ears, scudded away in wild affright. Vulp followed, pressing the quarry close, but the cottontail, being an old rabbit and very wary, doubled upon its track and the fox overran the mark, and turning, saw a bobbing white scut that twinkled a moment in the starlight then vanished into a tangle of heavy swamp-thorns and close growing briars.

Essaying to follow even into the swamp, Vulp blundered headlong down the slope and stumbled all unwarned upon a partridge covey roosting, tails inward, in the cover of the "broom straw." Here there was meat and he snapped quickly, but he was too late. His mouth caught tail feathers only, while the whirring birds sped safely enough away.

That happening filled his cup, and Vulp grew wroth and swore in fox language at the shadows on the rising moon; afterward he was dejected and abased himself. But later he recovered and, crawling through a hole in a fence, glided away along the shadowy hedgerows to scout through the outlying farmyards. In this way he came to a cabin where a cur dog sat in the shadows and bayed convulsively at the sailing moon.

Out by the garden fence where the dead morning-glory vines made a leafy litter, Vulp laid down and regarded the dog. Knowing well that there was naught to fear, he trotted carelessly across the cabin yard. And when the dog pursued him, Vulp led him away down among the ditches at the foot of the hill, and the dog busied himself with that which cur dogs call running; but Vulp made a broad half-circle, and coming back to the yard, inspected the roosts at his leisure. But the fowls were safely housed in their quarters. As the fox prepared to depart, the dog came back, laboring heavily up the steep hillside. Vulp glanced backward and stretched a hind leg thoughtfully.

Yet, as the bay of the moon-chasing cur pulsed the still air above the hills and echoed down the valleys, it roused other dogs of a thin-flanked breed, and these in turn gave tongue. Vulp, listening in the thin gaunt light of the moon, heard a clamor of bell-like mouthings that with its clear music set his brush a-quiver in defiance and drew his leg muscles taut. For, new as it was to him, he knew full well its meaning. It was a challenge—a challenge as old as the centuries. "Blood against blood," it said; "endurance against endurance, speed against speed!" Forgetting the clumsy cur toiling along a tangled trace in the brambles, Vulp laid his feet to the soil and spurned it. Then

"PLAYED HIDE-AND-SEEK IN THE TANGLED GRASS."

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"DRAGGED HER AWAY TO HIS BURROW."

"PLAYED WITH THE HAWK AFTERWARD."

the shadows glided by—the shadows and the wide white spaces where the moonlight lay—and the fields of dried cotton stalks dropped behind, and the grassy unkempt cornland, and he came again with almost effortless speed to the friendly wastes of the "Blackberry" place.

Here he stopped long and listened; then hearing only the gray owls hoot and the rolling bass notes of the frogs, he circled westward. The night was far spent, but he was hungry; there was still a chance for a meal So he passed down the corn rows lightly and came stealthily to the weedy borders of an orchard. As he skirted the bush-hidden fence, he stopped suddenly, threw his nose to the wind and crouched. Turkey! The scent was breast high in the still, moist air of the early morning. With half-open dribbling jaws he followed the trace, creeping gingerly step by step. Once a dry leaf crackled and he dropped softly and hid himself; then he crept on. "Just here," his keen nose signalled, and he rose to his full height and looked; then —"Yap! yap! yap!" He leaped far aside and sped away, shivering. A sinuous thing, long and mottled, had reared itself beside him, and it had hissed. Surely a puff-adder was not the game he sought. He shivered again and sped on. But the turkey, well satisfied with her ruse, settled quietly back on her eggs.

"LEAN, LANK AND SINEWY, AS A WELL-BRED RED FOX SHOULD BE."

In the corn rows, watching the gray dawn merge into sunrise, Vulp thought the matter out. It was incredible that a snake should smell like a turkey. A turkey's neck was long and mottled and a turkey could hiss on occasion—especially an old hen turkey sitting on a clutch of belated eggs. He took his way back to the fence and drew near the place again. There she was, sure enough, watching him out of her beady eyes. Now! He sprang, but the great bird spread her fan-like tail and caught his leap fairly upon it; then rising suddenly from behind, she shot him over her head. When he rose, she was half way up the stony hillside, yelping alarm at every ungainly step. The sun, too, was fully up and people were beginning to stir. Curling his lip to a snarl, Vulp took note of this and departed, but he came back three nights later, took the old fowl unawares and dragged her away to his burrow. After this he levied tribute nightly on the fat hares and the birds and the fowls. And until February he was happy.

But with the advent of the early Southern spring, the mangy old dog-fox that harbored in the home-burrow grew unreasonably cross. He hustled Vulp and hounded him, and Vulp went out to fend for himself and

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"THENCEFORWARD, TOO, HE ATE OF THE KILL."

"LIFE SEEMED GOOD TO VULP."

was lonely. He wandered for many days seeking he knew not what, until he had found company in the shape of a comely vixen. They dug for themselves a new burrow ten rods distant from the old one, and Vulp having thrashed his father for prying, set up housekeeping for himself.

And in this burrow they dwelt, he and the vixen, for two long years and reared sons and daughters. Vulp came to be the swiftest fox and the comeliest in the whole of the "Blackberry Place," so that his fame went abroad and men came from afar to match the best of their packs against him. When the frost was crisp on the dying grasses and the dawn of the Autumn mornings was garnished with opal and pearl, and the red hills rang with halloo and hound and horn, Vulp stepped out, like the gallant red that he was, and raised his brush in the faces of his foes. He led them right merrily sometimes past the far Conakka ridges, sometimes away to the south, but he always doubled back to the "Blackberry," where, by many a cunning trick, he "lost" them. After that he took his ease while the hounds worked themselves dumb in the heartbreaking maze of thickets and in the long dry gullies that seamed the gray hillsides far away in the distance. So he ordered his life.

Far to the northward there lived a man who had been born a son of the South. Wealth had come to him and power in a certain way, and he was tired, he told himself, of the shams of civilized life. Yet he, who had seen the gleam of a sunrise on Brightman's, who had watched the gray morning break from the blue haze over the ridges, and who had given the view halloo as the fox led the way to the opens, was content to follow all day the trail of an aniseed bag and to work himself tired in a ruck of hunting crops and red jackets and blundering bob-tailed horses.

With the stiffening frost there came to this man a lucid interval. He wrote an old school fellow—a man with whom he as a boy had played marbles in the dust of the Belleville road and by whom he had been "ducked" time and time again in the sparkling waters of the creek.

"A GRAY FOX . . . . CALLED TO HIM SHARPLY."

"Are you still alive?" he asked, "and is there yet a fox in the Blackberry?"

And straightway the other made answer: "The fox is here—three years old, and swift and strong. Come, and bring your dogs."

When the first man saw that letter his heart grew warm and it seemed to him

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"TO LIE MOTIONLESS THROUGH LONG, SLOW HOURS BEFORE THE RABBIT RUNS."

that he could see the yellow grain waving and that he could hear the partridges call on the "old place" where his mother had reared him. Also he took out a dollar and looked at it, and the thing seemed shrunken. He went, but he took no dogs, for right well he knew the "Blackberry Place" and the men who would be there and the gaunt strong leaders of the pack. It is not every dog that can follow a fox in the "Blackberry."

Thus it was that on a frosty October morning a snarl of hoarse horn-music came floating up the valleys and men on horses came down the forgotten highway. A double score of whimpering hounds splashed noisily through the creek-shallows or spread

"TO CREEP ON FEET THAT FELL TOO SOFT FOR SOUND."

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"GLIDED AWAY ALONG THE SHADOWY HEDGEROWS."

widely over the bottoms. From the bare side of a hillock Vulp watched them. He had traveled far the night before and was tired. Moreover, a negro's 'possum dogs had chased him persistently during the hours of the early morning. Because of these things he rose and drew puzzles on the dry hard face of the earth, then trotted away to another shelving slope beyond which the pack had already passed. For the time he was safe enough, so he stretched himself out at his ease and with his head between his paws looked idly on the brave array beating through the hollows. Almost he had dozed when a great "black-and-tan," ranging wide of the clustering pack, halted, sniffed anxiously, and then gave tongue.

Vulp considered. He had not passed that way—some other fox, no doubt—then suddenly he leaped to his feet. Half an hour before he had seen a she-fox cross that ditch, a she-fox and her growing cubs. Right well he knew those cubs; it was but yesterday that he had dragged a very fat hen to their burrow. And now the pack was closing in, and their mouths were babbling and the

"TO KNOW THE PLACES WHERE THE SHY BROWN PARTRIDGES HARBORED."

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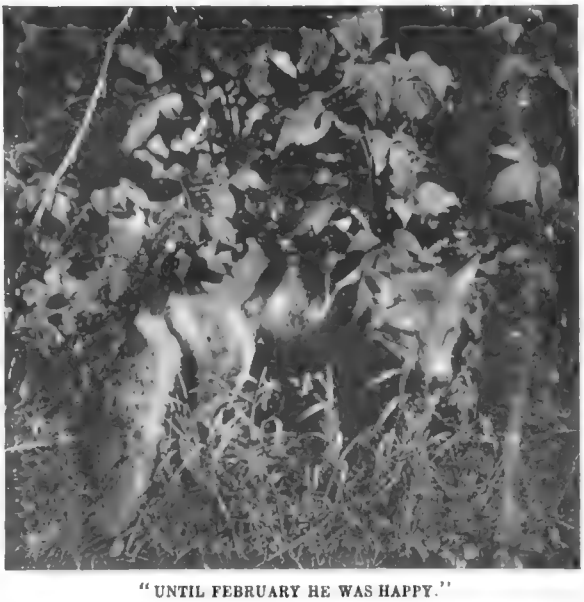
"DRAGGED A VERY FAT HEN TO THEIR BURROW."

"ALWAYS DOUBLED BACK TO THE BLACKBERRY."

echoes were singing an answer to the black-and-tan's hunting call. He was tired—it was hardly fair—but there was danger yonder, for no cub-fox could lead that pack. So, in a long, deceptive trot, Vulp swung himself out, circled wide and came round in front of the dogs. Then, just under their laboring noses, he shot into sight and slid away, leaving in his quivering wake a trace that a blunt-nosed cur might follow.

And as he showed himself the huntsmen gave him greeting with voice and horn and the lean dogs sprang to a fiercer pace. Up and away! How the swift horses swept through the tangled grass and the lank hounds raced and ran, as, filling the air with its clamor, the chase swept down to the creek! Up and away! But the dog does not live that can match a red in his first brave burst of speed, and ere the pattering, following feet had felt the touch of the water, Vulp, with his brush held high, had mounted the farther slope and was setting his face to the opens.



"UNTIL FEBRUARY HE WAS HAPPY."

But straight and away, never halting, never turning, the hurrying pack came on, breasting the weedy fallows and skirting past the woodlands. Then blood and training began to tell. Some of the dogs dropped out, but true to the good old English strain, the black-and-tan held his way, and behind him the main pack were crying, full-voiced, eager and strong. Under that hot pursuit the fox's gain lessened and the horses dropped far behind. Once Vulp essayed to turn, but they pressed too close for that, so bravely he raised his brush once more and set his eyes on the far blue curve that marks the white oak trees under the Conakka hills. It was killing work, but the hounds kept on, "running like a shoestring," the huntsmen said, as they held to the trail in a long and wavering line.

Under the white oak trees ten good miles away Vulp made his turn at last, but the drive had been very close. His brush was down now, and his tongue lolled red from his mouth and his breath came thick and fast. Yet away back yonder the "Blackberry" lay—the "Blackberry" and its thickets. Once there he could trick them and rest from his weary toil. How hot he was, and dry! How cool was the water in Brightman's and how pleasant the shade of its willows. But one short circle to puzzle the hounds, and then straight and away!

But as he made the curve a man rode down upon him—a fat man hot withal and

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"FOUND COMPANY IN THE SHAPE OF A COMELY VIXEN."

dusty—who blew his horn sharply and brought the dogs racing along the chord. With despair in his soul, Vulp turned back sharply towards the hills. But he was broken now and his swift legs lagged. For a short half-mile he led them, but the pack crept surely up.

It was no use—Vulp knew that now—but a red only dies at the last. So he reeled round a curve again and lost more ground. Then with the noise of the pack in his ears he broke cover in a straight run homeward.

The huntsmen greeted him with shouting, as men greet a fox about to die, and the dogs grew wild in their clamoring. Straight and away! Like flitting shadows they sped a half-mile down the slope, then up the green hillside beyond. Then, suddenly, a flurry of ravening dogs, the clear sweet notes of a horn and a red body swung in the fat man's hand.

A good race it was, and gallantly run; and at the end a bit of fur that had been Vulp, the Red.

Dead? Yes, but back by the waters of Brightman's there were little foxes at play in the sun.

"VULP CONSIDERED."

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THE RED LAW AND THE WHITE.

An Instance of Conflicting Civilizations on Puget Sound.

By Joseph Blethen.

Illustrated by B. J. Rosenmeyer.

THE sheriff of Whatcom County knew his Indians as well as the principal of the Normal knew his incipient pedagogues. Thus it happened that, when the Indian school on the Lummi Reservation put out a football team which beat everything on the lower Sound, and began to turn the State of Washington upside down in their search for a new foe to conquer, the sheriff personally conveyed a challenge from the red men of the reservation to the white men on the hill for a grand game to be played on Thanksgiving Day. Moreover, the sheriff thought it about time for the Indians to be quieted, and he so worded the challenge that the principal of the Normal School promptly accepted.

On the day before Thanksgiving the sheriff was at his desk busy with the matters of his office, when a messenger burst into the room with tidings that an Indian football player had been killed at practise.

The sheriff mounted his horse and headed for the reservation. His road skirted the head of Bellingham Bay, where for a mile or more it lay through big timber. As he rode, the new sun of a clearing sky struck back from a million tiny beads of water which studded trunk, branch, and undergrowth with sparkling gems. The scene moved the sheriff to a feeling of revolt against the unseeing white man who could pass through these woods and yet search his brain for amusement, and against the unfeeling Indian who was as much dead to the scene as the very fir beneath which he built his hut.

"And I must keep the red man within bounds that the Thanksgiving amusement of the white may not be interrupted," mused the sheriff. "They're a pack of savages—all of 'em. But one set has been bleached till it has lost it's plumb."

The sheriff determined to go first to the Indian police, for they were his lawful aides. Next he would talk to the principal of the reservation school, and then, if law and morality could not save the game, there remained the priest. For your civilized Indian is a devout Catholic, and he will do for his priest what he will not do for love nor money.

The sheriff found Swiloos, the reservation policeman, at the head of the main street evidently awaiting him. There was no one else in sight. The Red Law was frankly awaiting the White Law. To the sheriff's surprise Swiloos talked little and seemed to know less. In front of the schoolhouse he found the entire male population of the reservation huddled about the football players, a ring of calico round the outer edge denoting that the Kloochmans were keeping at their accustomed place in the background. On the schoolhouse porch lay something covered with a blanket. The sheriff noted the lack of visible sorrow. A death stirs the Indians to wailings and wild gesticulation, but this company stood massed in its own moody silence. Now he knew without being told that a man's life had been taken under a provocation which by its silence the Red Law was justifying.

Dismounting, he threw his bridle rein to Swiloos, telling him to wait. Then he

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mounted the steps and entered the building. There he found the principal and the priest. He closed the door, and the three white men were alone with the puzzle, while the Lummis waited outside for their solution.

"I think I'm a little to blame in this," said the principal. "If you don't mind, I'll go back to the first and give it to you as I see it."

"Certainly," said the sheriff.

"A few weeks ago," continued the principal, "we celebrated the betrothal of Mary, daughter of Swiloos, to Charlie John. Charlie is the best athlete of the school, and the one who led the football team to victory last fall. He was chosen captain by several votes over Soloman Sam, who was next in popularity. Even Soloman Sam admitted that the success of the team last fall was due to Charlie John's efforts, but when the fortunate athlete won Mary, Solomon Sam, who had been a suitor, burst into fury and made some threats. His friends quieted him, for the winning of Mary was most honorable. But he began nagging Charlie John, and recently, when the latter made his final selections of players to practise for the Thanksgiving Day game, he made bad talk among those who were sent out to play in the substitute team. He ridiculed Charlie John's choices, and dared the substitute team to choose him as their captain, saying that he would show them how to beat the regular team and thus be sent to Whatcom to play the white men. So they chose him captain, and when the practise games opened I saw that Soloman Sam was in the line, playing against Charlie John. I should have interfered there and then. To-day I heard Soloman Sam giving a signal to the practise team to play. It was a slandering pun on Mary's name. I went out to stop it, but I was too late. The teams had clashed, Soloman Sam was dead, and Charlie John had dropped out of sight. Nor could I obtain trace of him."

It was all clear to the sheriff. The disappointed Indian was unwilling to abide by the Red Law, which gave Mary to Charlie John since their wooing had been to a purpose. He must nurse his hatred and plan a revenge. He had slandered the maid to the face of her accepted lover, and that, too, in the excitement of a football practise game. He doubtless meant to get Charlie John under a pile of desperate players and kill him under cover of an accident in the play. But Charlie John had turned that fate against the plotter, and the Red Law's silence said plainly, "It is well."

He saw now why Swiloos was silent, when he stood at the head of the street awaiting the White Law, which would demand the capture of Charlie John, his daughter's promised husband. To Swiloos it was a case of plain honest killing. If Charlie John hadn't wiped out the insult, he, the maid's father, would have done so. But the White Law was stupid and couldn't see things right. He would aid in the search for Charlie John, for he stood for the Red Law, and must aid the White Law to maintain its power in the land. But he knew that Charlie John's canoe would be in British Columbia waters before the White Law could set its wires talking. Then the bluecoats at the other end of the wires might listen and be welcome to what they heard.

"I wish he hadn't gone," said the sheriff. "It would have looked more like an accident. But as it is, the coroner's jury is likely to hold him. Had he remained and

"'I will be your prisoner, and you shall let him go.'"

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faced it, no jury in Whatcom would have held him."

"That's clear to us," said the principal. "But an Indian can see no justice in the White Law that arrests him for protecting his woman."

There was a soft knock at the door, and then the knob turned. Mary, daughter of Swiloos, promised Kloochman of Charlie John, entered and closed the door behind her.

To Mary's mind two things only were evident. She loved the man who had won her promise of marriage, and who was now in trouble. The white man's law was come to the reservation demanding atonement for something which had happened. The first was very clear in her mind, and prompted her to face the second blindly. Standing before the sheriff, the teacher, and the priest, Mary asked:

"Are you come for Charlie John?"

"I am an officer. I must attempt to capture him," said the sheriff kindly, for he knew that this must be Mary.

"You need not search for him. He has gone. I am Mary. I will be your prisoner, and you shall let him go. He killed Soloman Sam because of things that were said. I heard. I know. If you catch him, your law will hang him. It is not right. He did it for me. I shall go to prison, and he shall go free."

The sheriff rose and laid his hand on the girl's shoulder. He was greatly moved by her earnestness.

"Mary, perhaps we can make the white man's law see this right. White men sometimes kill to save their women. It is right. But Charlie John must not run away. He must remain here and prove what you have said. If he runs, the white men are too many for him. He will be caught. If he remains and plays in the game with the white men's sons, they will cheer him and we can make them see this right. Do you understand?"

"Yes," said Mary, "I understand. It is a trick. You would have me go find him for you. I am not deceived. I do understand."

She turned and left the room. The sheriff was disappointed, for he had meant no deception. Facing the priest and the principal, he exclaimed:

"I mean what I say. You men must take the team to Whatcom to-morrow, and the team must win. And Mary must follow her lover and bring him to the jail. Then we will bail him and let him play. That's his only chance to make good his defence of his sweetheart. If he runs away, no jury will give a rap for him."

"Good," said the sheriff. "Now let's get at it."

He led the way out to the porch. The Indians looked up at the three white men, their stolid faces showing sullen defiance. Standing beside that thing under the blanket, the sheriff called the members of the two teams about him.

"Boys, you know how it is," said he. "When any one is killed, the White Law says a record must be made. So the coroner will come to examine this body and the place where Soloman Sam was killed. Then you must all go with the coroner to the courthouse in Whatcom, where the White Law keeps its records, and there the coroner will write down all that you tell him. But the Red Law says that Charlie John did well. So the White Law will say, if you are brave men and prove what you say to the coroner. But if you do not go to Whatcom and play the white men's sons to-morrow, the White Law will say that you are liars and that you fear the truth. So I will make a bargain with you. I will promise the priest that no one of you shall be arrested until after the game, if you will promise the priest to play. But after the game you must go to the courthouse with me. What do you say?"

A murmur of approval went through the crowd, for the fear of missing the big game had outweighed the other features of the tragedy in the minds of the players, now that Charlie John was safely hidden.

The sheriff turned to the priest and shook hands with him.

"I'll do as I say," said he. "Now, make them promise."

The crowd of Indians did not wait for their priest to ask them. They shouted their promises to him.

Then the White Law turned to the Red Law and told him to guard the body where it lay, and he would send the coroner at once to view it and the scene of the killing. Mounting his horse, he called to the priest, so that all could hear:

"Remember what I say. The Siwashes must win that game if they want to save Charlie John's neck."

Then he rode away, nor did he see Mary,

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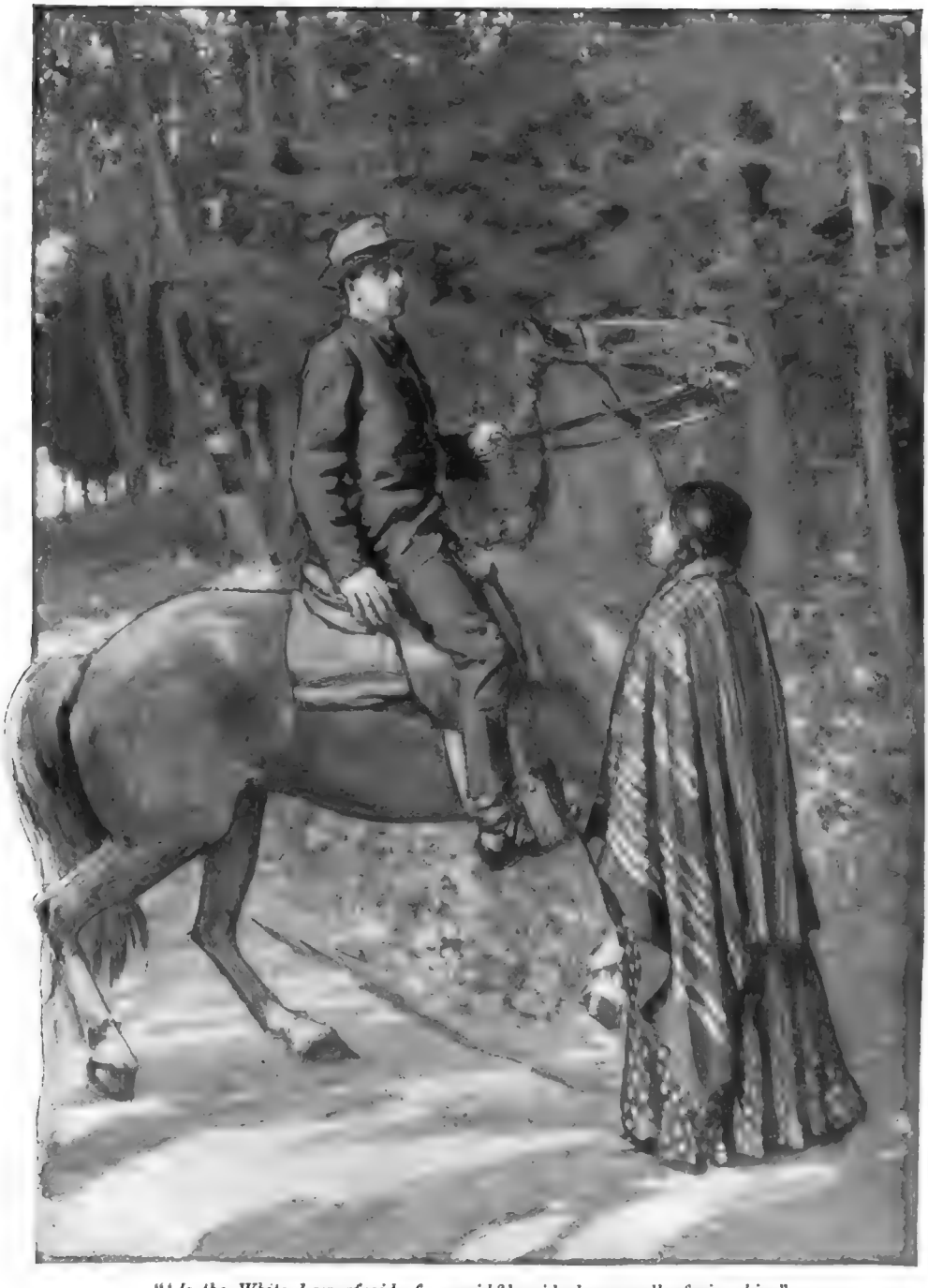

"'Is the White Law afraid of a maid?' said she, proudly facing him."

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daughter of Swiloos, promised Kloochman of Charlie John, standing in his path, till his horse stopped before her.

"Is the White Law afraid of a maid?" said she, proudly facing him. "I am ready to go to your jail."

The sheriff regarded her with honest admiration, and longed to praise her for her quick impulse to do her duty, as she saw it, by the lover who had defended her. But child that she was, he knew her love to be deep, and he probed it to its depths.

"Mary," said he, "if the Siwashes lose the game to the white men to-morrow, the priest will never marry you to Charlie John."

Then he left her, standing in the path, her hand to her heart, and a low moan in her throat.

And the White Law, riding back through the sunlit, bejewelled woods, saw only a primitive love story being played therein, and smiled as he mused:

"If Charlie John doesn't come back to play in that game *now*, I do not know my Injuns."

II.

On Thanksgiving morning the game, the day, and the gossip about the Indian sent an unexpected number of people out to the bayside gridiron. The game was free, and the people massed themselves about the rising sides of the field, where Nature had built an amphitheatre for man's use as surely as she had put strength into men's limbs to play football.

The college men practised tricks at one end of the field, while the stolid Lummis watched them from afar. The Indians missed their captain, although little Henry Tom, who had taken Charlie's place, was a red man at heart, and meant to win the game or die.

High up, where the ascending side of the ravine flattened to run away into the timber, stood the sheriff. From his position he could look across the gridiron to the bay beyond, which came up almost to the side lines. Across the bay it was a clear view to the Olympics towering away in the upper Sound. At one end of the field the Lummi substitutes and the red sightseers from the reservation were lying about in the grass, picturesque in their calicoes and blankets. Behind them a wall of alders, green even on Thanksgiving Day, stood for a small water-course which made down to the salt water, where the beach was populous with the Siwashes' tents and canoes. It was a beautiful picture wherein a smiling nature invited two civilizations to try their strength and skill at sport. But under it all the sheriff saw a deeper game, and he was troubled at the lack of tidings of Charlie John.

Before the game, many eyes sought out the officer of the White Law where he stood in his blue suit and dust-colored army hat.

But if some men speculated, more men enjoyed. The Normal students yelled. The white civilization expressed its pleasure in noise and waving of colors; the red sat stolid and waited, only the glint of the eye telling that they were not a part of the very earth upon which they crouched. Even when the red team crept out to practise a bit, and then faced the whites and waited for the whistle, the red man was silent.

The play began with the ball in the hands of the whites. A dash here, a long run there, and then three trials against the line, and the crowd stood up to breathe better in its excitement. The whites were striking quickly, brilliantly, at a wall of red stone that moved not. Clearly it was to be royal sport!

The Indians secured the ball and promptly lost it. More lightning darts, odd plays, trick signals, and the white men were gaining a little. Then a break through the line by the little red quarter-back, and the ball was the Indian's ball and was back in the centre.

Then, for the first time, the sluggish mass of red men against the alders broke into sound, and the Lummi tribe cheered their team. It was the moment for which they had waited, and they answered the whites in their own kind, by giving a yell, all in Chinook, but as round and as loud as any heard over the gridiron:

"Lummi
Lummi
Hyas Klosh! *
Skookum †
Skookum
Si-Wash!"

The battle waged grandly for many exciting moments, but the quick darts of the whites, the trick plays so carefully planned, began to confuse the red men. In a fatal

* Very good. † Strong.

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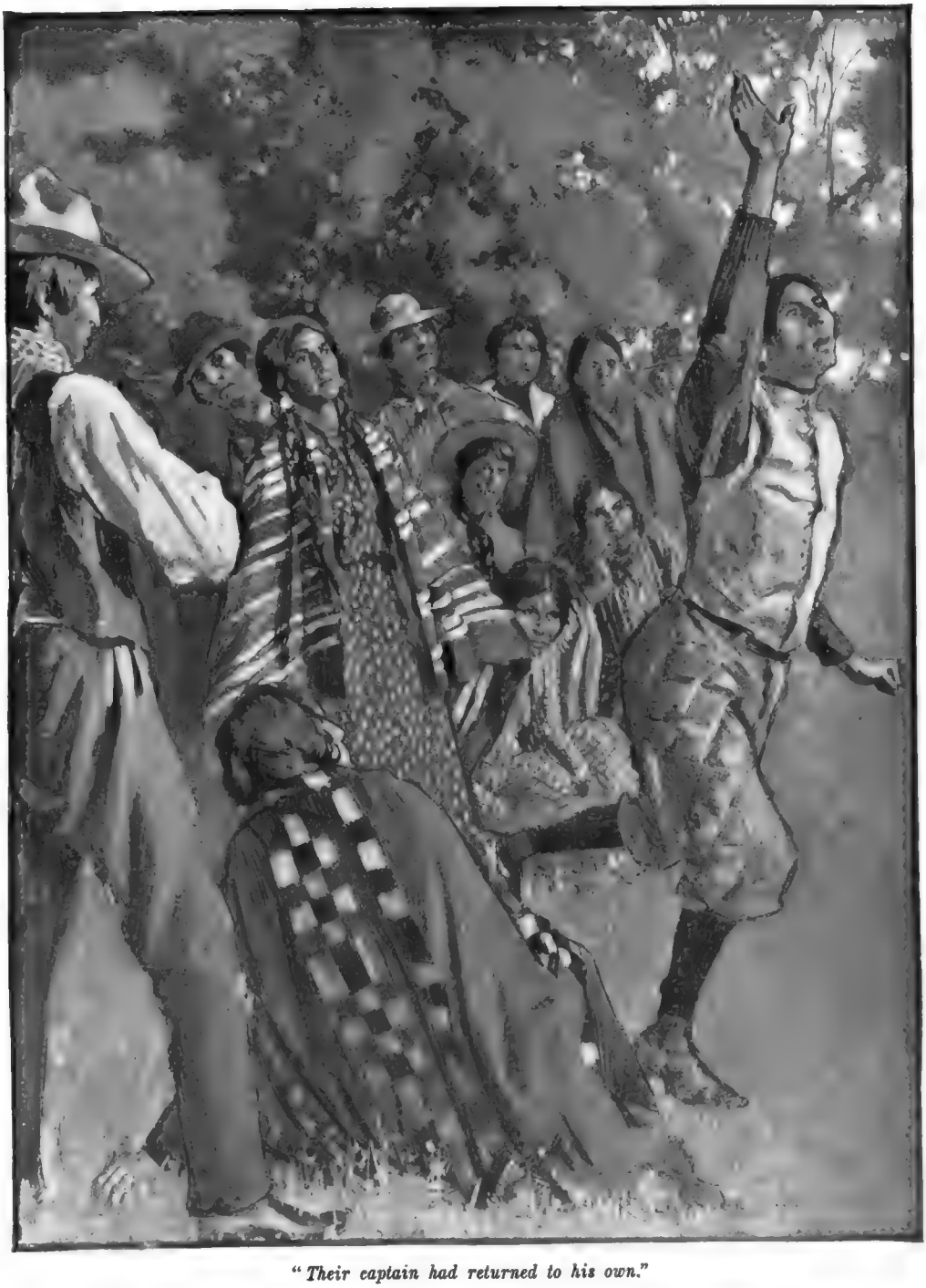

"Their captain had returned to his own."

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moment, just before the end of the first half, the red line surged to the right after a whirling mass of whites, and saw, when too late, a runner going to their left with the ball. The darting white canvas jacket went diagonally across the field, suddenly changed and eluded the astonished full-back, and went cleanly over the line. The white captain kicked for a goal and missed.

The whistle blew, and the red men plunged into the mass of their own people to be pummelled and blanketed during the moments of rest. They missed Charlie John's leadership, and they were troubled.

From his place on the hill the sheriff looked off across the bay, wistfully searching for a solitary canoe that might be bringing the fugitive. The White Law sighed deeply, and a moment later laughed. It was fate. The reds would lose, and then, in good time, there would be a hanging. But he was honestly sorry.

"The Red Law had come to the White."

With the opening of the second half, the Siwashes played a defensive game. For a while it went well with them, and the fortunes of football sent four whites disabled from the field. But the tide turned, and the little red quarter-back was the first to go. Then came disaster to a big guard, and the Lummi team huddled, captainless and panic-stricken, fifteen yards from their own goal.

Swiloos, swinging his army hat, called to his people, and the Lummi yell went down the field to the huddling mass of canvas. It put blood into the red hearts, and the Lummi yell went back to the tribe by the alders. But the yell said plainly:

"We are beaten; we can only kill while we die."

As that yell went over the field, the sheriff glanced down to the bay. A canoe shot out from behind the alders, coasting along the beach. He sprang to his feet and levelled his glasses upon it. He saw it swing and leap toward the white sand of the beach. For a moment it was hidden by the tents of the Siwash village, and then he saw one figure spring out with a painter, and another dart into the alders. It was a long look, but the glasses were good; he saw the dress of the figure with the painter, and he knew her for a girl—Mary!

The play continued, and again disaster followed the red men. Suddenly there was a commotion among the Indians at the alders, and the crowds, looking that way, saw a figure clad in football regalia dash out of the yelling tribe and dart down the field toward the red team. The Lummi players opened to the runner and closed about him with a yell of triumph, for their captain had returned to his own.

The crowd saw, understood, and went wild with its cheering. Then it quieted, and head after head turned till every eye was looking up toward the sheriff. The Lummis, seeing the movement, hugged their leader in silence. A hush fell over the field. Charlie John, waving back his loyal team, stepped out alone, and bringing his hand to his temple, in mock military salute, faced toward the sheriff. That man, conscious that all eyes were upon him, felt a

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glow of pleasure go over him. His thought was, "If he wins, he's saved." Slowly, as though it had all been rehearsed, he raised his white hat in salute to the Indian.

The roar which went out over the field stirred white men and red to a grand struggle. The white captain was still aggressive, and the ball was his. But Charlie John, cramped from long paddling a canoe, was a lion at bay, and the Lummis got their hearts back from him. The White Law might hunt for him after the game; at present the Red Law made him master of himself. Besides, Mary had found him, bringing a message from the priest, and he would play to show that he was not afraid.

A white guard, plunging into the red line with the ball, was lifted and borne back. Two trials at runs, and the red men met them and downed them. Then it was the Indians' ball.

Charlie John's voice was heard urging his men, and a hush fell upon the crowd. They were listening for a signal which they would not understand, but which would set the teams in motion. Then it came:

"Lummi!"

The big red centre broke through the opposing line of canvas, and Charlie John, borne on by his two guards, went through the break. The runner passed the half-backs by an inch and plunged down directly at the crouching full-back. That man shut his eyes and lurched sidewise at the runner's waist and fell sprawling on the field.

The Lummis at the end of the field yelled loudly, but the whites around the field yelled louder. There was something wild about the dash of this hunted creature. He was playing at a great risk; the price might be his life. It was the Red Law against the White Law. But for a moment even the White Law stood in wonder, and its marked man played freely before it.

A kick for goal was successful. The Indians were ahead, and could now fight on the defensive if they so elected. But the red blood, roused to such fury, was not cautious. The Indians beat down the whites, and, yard by yard, the ball was creeping again toward the white men's goal. The whistle sounded, and the Lummis had won the great game.

In the whirling, crowding mass of humanity on the gridiron, four people drew together by impulse. The sheriff came face to face with the priest, whose arm was linked through that of Charlie John, his free hand clasped by Mary. Then the two white men linked arms with the prisoner and pushed out of the field. A tribe of silent, obedient Indians followed them to the courthouse. The Red Law had come to the White.

III.

THE next morning the sheriff stood in an anteroom of the courthouse, his back to the closed door. He was talking to the county attorney and the priest.

In the great court-room two deputies sat with Charlie John, and inside the rail twenty Indians huddled in armed silence.

"It's another instance of a wrong system," the sheriff was saying. "We educate the Injun out of his own principles, and then deny him our plainest rights. What's your educated Injun good for? He is better than his own people, but he must descend to them, because we whites do not want him among us. The reservation plan is as far as we have safely gone with 'em. These Siwashes are farmers and fishermen; they make reservation laws, hold court, pay their debts, and respect their women. If we stop there, it would be all right. But no. We must apply our law to them, and yet deny them our sympathy. Look at this case fairly. This Injun, we say, killed the other for slandering his sweetheart. These Injuns conduct their courtship just as we do; and their priest marries them. If a white man slanders my wife, what do I do? If I am a Southerner, I kill him at sight; if I am a Northerner, I sue him for damages. Then why condemn an Injun for that which is a virtue in a white? Then, again, the dead Injun planned to kill his successful rival. There is a bit of grim justice in the way his plan turned upon himself. More than that, this Injun is killed in a football scrimmage, with twenty-one men on top of him. It's only circumstantial evidence that says our prisoner's fingers made the marks on the red devil's throat. But even if proven, shouldn't we give him a pension instead of sending him to the pen? But I'm afraid——"

His words were cut short by a roar of sound from the court-room.

A reporter sprang to the telephone.

"What's the verdict?" asked the sheriff.

"Accidental death," said the reporter.

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INTIMATE PORTRAITS

THEODORE ROOSEVELT,

The President's Father.

THE ability to make things "go" President Roosevelt inherited from his father, the late Theodore Roosevelt, who was one of the strongest and best citizens of New York. His death, in 1878, at the age of 47, was truly said to "involve a loss of moral force that any community could ill afford." In public affairs, in the organization and management of charities, he was a strenuous participant. He helped to start the Bureau of Charities, the Orthopædic Hospital and the Union League Club. During the later years of his life he was associated with his brother in a banking firm in which some members of the family are still active.

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INTIMATE PORTRAITS

KOCIAN.

KOCIAN, the Bohemian violinist, who visits the United States this winter, began to study music at the age of four. He was born in Wildenschwert in Bohemia, the son of a school teacher, from whom he inherits his talent. He exhibited great precocity, and at twelve was entered in the Conservatory of Music at Prague in Seveik's class. There he met Kubelik, who had two years' start of him. Kocian left the conservatory at the age of eighteen, one year ago, and has played in the great cities of Europe. Though his technique is less extraordinary than his rival's, he is said to have a finer tone and more musicianly qualities. His success is only second to that of Kubelik. In person this young Bohemian is most engaging, being manly, interesting, and decidedly handsome. He is to give eighty concerts in the United States.

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INTIMATE PORTRAITS

THE KAISER ON THE "HOHENZOLLERN."

MOST photographs of the Kaiser represent him in gold braid and lace and on parade. But this picture shows him at an unguarded moment on the imperial yacht *Hohenzollern*, under the stress of wind and weather. In baggy trousers, and cap jammed over his ears, he suggests the busy commander discussing a point of navigation with his lieutenants.

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INTIMATE PORTRAITS

MRS. SECRETARY HAY.

NO one understands better than Mrs. John Hay the niceties of social diplomatic usage and etiquette. She has upheld with fine dignity the duties of her high place as wife of the Secretary of State, and is credited with having re-arranged the social precedents which govern official life in Washington. She was Miss Clara Stone of Cleveland, daughter of the late Amasa Stone. An accomplished hostess, Mrs. Hay entertains in the most beautiful house in Washington, a great mansion on Lafayette Square, said to be the architect Richardson's masterpiece.

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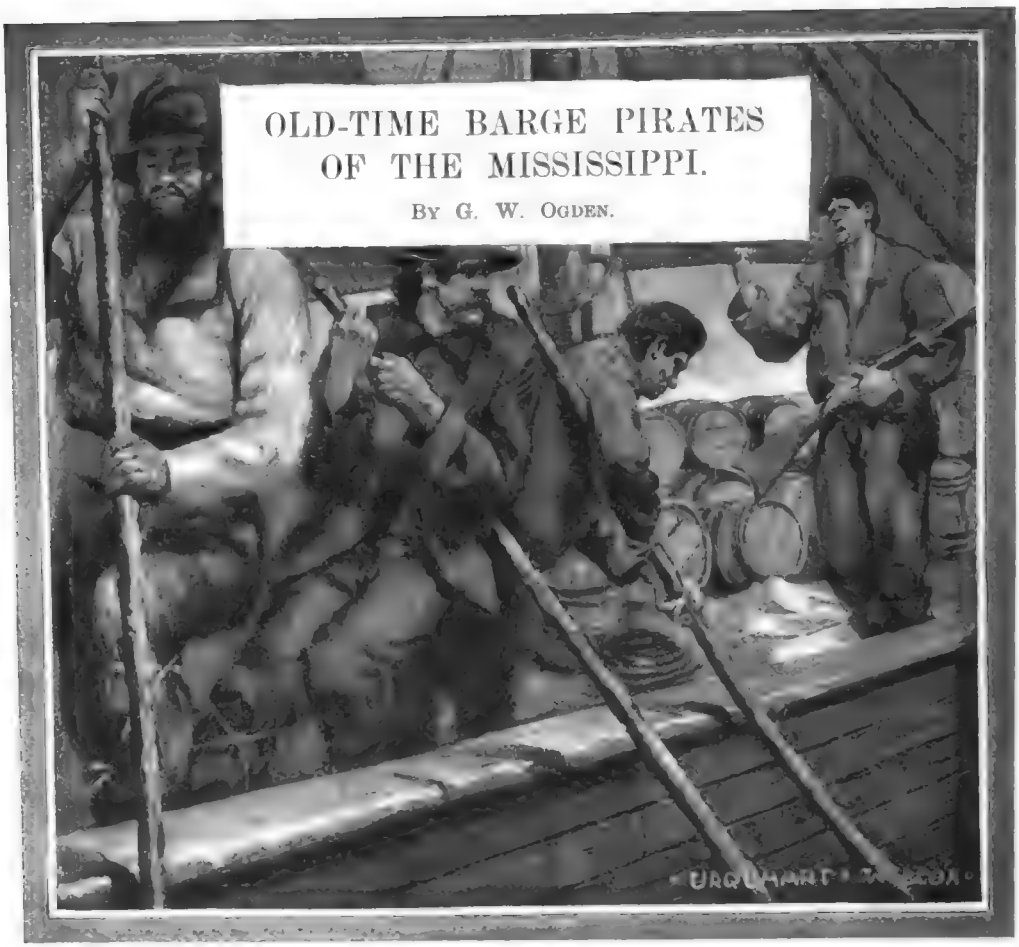

OLD-TIME BARGE PIRATES OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

By G. W. Ogden.

"LOWER a boat and pick me up," said a voice in the river directly above the anchored keel-boat of Captain Chase and his men. It was near midnight when the sentry in the bow was hailed by this mysterious voice. The crew, worn out by rowing and poling for two days, slept with their loaded muskets beside them, but every man promptly responded, with the clatter of cutlasses and the thumping of musket stocks on deck, to the alarming call of the sentry.

"I am your friend, a woman," the voice now broke in. "I come to warn you of the pirates. For heaven's sake, lower a boat and pick me up, before I sink."

Even as the woman spoke the current hurried her past the vessel. While the men cowered back from the rail, Jean Larpenteur, a French Canadian, on guard at the stern, brought his gun to his shoulder and fired, crying as he did so:

"She is the devil of the pirates' island. I have heard her voice before."

A shriek answered the report of the musket, and Captain Chase ordered a boat lowered. The woman was found a few hundred yards below the vessel, barely able to float. When taken aboard, a great black wound beneath her shoulder blade showed where Jean Larpenteur's ball had struck. She was young, and her wet and tangled dark hair hung about a not unrefined face. She was unconscious when laid on the deck, and the rough men of the river crowded round and peered into her white face, set in the light of the pine torches smoking above their heads. Suddenly flinging her arms outward with the motion of a swimmer, she sat up, tossing her head from side to side.

"They will be here soon," she cried with the blood trickling from her mouth. "They were to start at midnight. Are you mad!

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Put out the lights and row down the river. They are two to one, and are bringing a cannon with them."

Without waiting for the captain's command, the men dashed their torches into the river and sprang to the capstan. The anchor was raised and the boat swung round with the current. But Jean Larpenteur stood beside the wounded woman, the muzzle of his musket in one hand and a flaming torch held in the other. His lips were parted in the panting snarl of fear, and his eyes gleamed large as he bent forward.

"Oh, Mother of Sorrows," he screamed, "I am a murderer. It is the daughter of my father's friend, Pierre Chouteau!"

"The pirates killed my father," she said, "as we came down the river two weeks ago."

Suddenly the report of a cannon echoed through the forest, and something struck the water a few rods to the right of the boat, the spray falling on the deck like great drops of rain. A man snatched the torch from Jean Larpenteur's hand and threw it into the water.

"To the oars," commanded Captain Chase, "and steer for the shadow of the west shore."

Jean Larpenteur fell to the deck and prayed. The wounded woman placed her hand on his head and said tenderly:

"You are forgiven. Heaven directed your ball—it was a service you did me, and I thank you for it."

Next day they gave her Christian burial in the wilderness, while Jean Larpenteur sat in the bow of the boat, gazing with blank eyes up the river to the north.

This incident in the history of Mississippi River piracy took place late in the summer of 1809, and led to the capture and lynching of Colonel Fluger (known to bargemen as "Colonel Plug") and his gang, one of the most notorious bands of pirates that ever infested the inland waters of this continent. Indeed, this was Judge Lynch's first appearance in the West. Colonel Fluger and his river rats had taken possession of and fortified an island in the river known officially as Island No. 94, but called by the robbers and bargemen, "Crow's Nest."

Fluger sometimes represented himself as a Government agent stationed there for the purpose of collecting "river tax," and in some way or other exacted heavy tribute from every passing craft. Often, however, he led his gang against the voyagers, slaughtered them, seized their goods, and burned their boats in true piratical fashion. Women were always carried away captives to the island. Owing to the unsettled condition of the times, the Government made no attempt to suppress "Colonel Plug," but advised the traders in their keel-boats, who carried provisions and lead from the Galena mines up and down the Mississippi between St. Louis and New Orleans, to sail in numbers strong enough to resist the attacks of the pirates. As a general rule, the traders (themselves not much better than the pirates), mounting cannon on their boats and arming their crews with guns and cutlasses, set sail in spite of Government warning. And we may be sure that "Colonel Plug" and his gang were not awed by the cannon; on the contrary, being in need of just these things for his fort, he would welcome a chance to appropriate them

Captain Chase, who was one of the best known keel-boatmen on the river, set sail from New Orleans, leaving ahead of the boats for St. Louis, and carrying a rich cargo of supplies for the mines at Galena. Expecting to be attacked in passing "Crow's Nest," he anchored his boat in midstream a mile below and waited for a favorable sailing breeze, and it was then that he and his tired crew received the warning of the coming of the pirates.

Having escaped with his boats, two days after he was joined by a fleet of nine keel-boats and with them boldly sailed past "Crow's Nest." "Colonel Plug" and his followers, evidently believing a military expedition to be moving against them, deserted their fort near the water's edge and scurried away into the dense timber that covered the island.

When the captains, who noted the "discretion" of the pirates, came to anchor two hours later, they decided that the opportunity had come to rid the river of its menace to commerce. They held a meeting on Captain Chase's boat, and organized an expedition for this purpose.

Rain came with nightfall. The fleet put off silently into the darkness and came to anchor two miles above "Crow's Nest." One hundred and twenty armed men, in twelve small boats, made toward the island. Two black walls of primal forest, which in the light would clearly define the width of the river below, were now all merged with the sky and water into one unfathomable

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shadow, except down the river, where a red glow on the low clouds reflected the fires of the pirates' island beneath. As the boats drew near, the sound of violin and accordion in wild melodies could be heard occasionally above the shouting and laughter of the pirates.

Silently the boats were landed on the bar and eighty men formed for the assault, the others remaining to guard the boats and cut off the escape of any fugitives who might attempt to swim to the mainland. Advancing to the fort, the attacking party found that "Colonel Plug" had entrenched himself within a circular embankment of earth, the outer sides of which were protected by a strong palisade of thick poles. The enclosure was small, and within it the renegades had erected log huts. A fire burned at one end of a long grass-thatched shed, beneath which the pirates were holding carnival. Some chosen men of the assaulting party went out to circle the walls, and reported two sally ports on opposite sides of the fort, one blocked by logs, with a cannon pointing down from the top, the other open and guarded by a sentinel. In the light of the fire they had counted forty pirates. Cautiously these avengers of society approached the guarded gateway, reaching out silently on that lonely river island to deal justly with those men of misrule. Twenty paces from the open gateway the company paused. The form of the sentry, pacing up and down in the wind and rain, could be seen sharply marked against the firelight within. His face was turned enviously toward his companions carousing over the latest prize.

One of the shadowy company beneath the trees moved eagerly forward, bent and ready to drop to the ground the instant the sentry turned, while the others, with hands on their musket locks, prepared for the rush. Their comrade had now reached the sentry, and with one heavy blow with a club silently struck him down. In the meantime a derisive laugh arose from the bearded carousers under the shed. In the circle of fire could be seen a woman dancing, reeling, and spreading her skirts like a lame moth about a flame. With one impulse the little army started forward. A great brindle dog, sleeping at the feet of the pirate leader, slowly arose and peered toward the gate, with head extended and hair erect.

"What's the matter with that dog?" said one a note of alarm in his voice. The tumult ceased. The dog, crouching and snarling, was creeping cautiously toward the gateway, when suddenly with a roar he bounded away into the darkness. At the same instant the pirates heard a command "Fire!" and half of them fell. While some of the bargemen paused to reload, others rushed upon the gang and fought them with sword, dagger and musket-stock. Some of those who attempted to escape were shot by the men who had by this time reloaded, while others, nineteen in number, including "Colonel Plug," were captured. Two miserable, drunken women, found crouching in a hut, were also bound and marched away.

The pirates had nothing of value on the island except four small brass cannon, stolen from barges and keel-boats whose crews they had murdered. The huts were burned, and the captives were taken to the bar, where a fire was built and court-martial instituted. Captain Chase was elected judge, prosecuting attorney and jury. He ordered that "Colonel Plug" be unbound and brought before him. The pirate leader did not look the part. He was not a typical frontiersman, but a native of New Hampshire, short, bald, smooth-shaven, chubby, with small baby-blue eyes, and altogether of a somewhat saintly and inoffensive appearance. He stood before Captain Chase with his arms folded across his breast and his head bowed. Captain Chase stood to receive him.

"Have you anything to say in defense of your career of murder and robbery on this river?" asked Captain Chase.

"Plug" raised his head, looked slowly round at his captors, advanced a step toward the captain and said:

"Yes, I've got something to say."

"I will allow you five minutes," Captain Chase replied. "A sailing breeze is springing up, and I have lost two days on your account already."

"It won't take me long," whimpered the desperado, advancing still nearer. "My last words is this," and with his open right hand he struck Captain Chase a sharp blow on the cheek. With that he and his fellow prisoners laughed.

Captain Chase ordered his men to remove a part of the deck of a barge which they found moored among the willows. On this barge Colonel Plug and his men were placed, bound hand and foot. Near them were piled several kegs of powder, on top of which a fire was kindled. Then cutting loose the

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"'I AM A MURDERER. IT IS THE DAUGHTER OF MY FATHER'S FRIEND.'"

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barge, it floated down the river. Fifteen minutes later a great red flame sprang into the darkness a mile toward the south, and Colonel Plug and his men had gone the way so many of their victims had gone before.

When the men reëmbarked for their fleet and were told off by their captains, one man was missing—Jean Larpenteur. A detail sent back to the fort to search for him, found him lying near the gate, his right hand clutching the throat of a dead pirate, and driven deep into his heart the pirate's long hunting knife.

In the great earthquake of 1811, Island No. 94 sank completely out of sight. Although a sand bar formed on the sight of the island, it was long since cut away by the strong current, and now Island No. 94, the notorious "Crow's Nest" of old river days, no longer appears on charts of the Mississippi River. On the Government map of 1807, however, it can be seen, and in the commercial correspondence of that period it is frequently referred to as a "nest of pirates."

But indeed, Colonel Fluger and his band were only one of many gangs of wild, shaggy desperadoes who had been banished from the frontier settlements for various reasons, and who had constantly preyed upon the early, straggling commerce of this great river, from its mouth up to its head waters. These men were cruel, vengeful and ignorant, and when drawn together in bands of sympathy, seized the chances offered by the river boats to avenge themselves on a society that they had not the courage to attack openly.

The crude and cumbersome character of navigation, and the common impulse to lawlessness among the navigators themselves, invited this piracy and robbery on the part of these outcasts. A river craft in those days was either an undecked, cumbersome flatboat, or a barge such as may be seen today in sea harbors, or a keel-boat. It required about three months for one of these boats to ascend the river from New Orleans to St. Louis. The barges were propelled by sails, or poled. When there was no wind, and the water was too deep for the poles, the bargemen would fasten one end of a stout rope to the capstan, and the other end to a tree on the bank, and by winding the rope around the capstan, pull the barge along. Without trees, the barge was pulled up the stream by a rope in the hands of a part of the crew on the bank, the other men keeping it in the stream with their poles. This craft was manned by a captain, the one officer, and a crew of ten; and a hard set of men they were, these French Canadians, born on the waters away up in the big dark woods of Quebec; and these nondescript New Englanders, in whom the flint rock stock had run out. At night the boat was tied up to the bank, and the men spent the evening gambling, and often fought. A thrust between the ribs with a long knife, or a blow on the head with a hatchet, and if the body of the victim did not fall into the river, it was promptly thrown there. All blood was immediately scrubbed from the deck—for it was counted unlucky to carry the stains of human blood—and the incident was soon forgotten.

This lawlessness of the barge traffic opened the way for the pirates, who preyed openly, and for the robbers, who allied themselves with the Indians and lived in caves along the river banks.

Small bands of robbers sometimes appeared on the river shore, and with the pretense of warning the barge pilot against some hidden danger, induced him to change his course, thus dashing the craft helpless upon rocks or snags. The robbers then set up a hallooing for their companions, and in rowboats, kept hidden until now in the willows along the shore, they bore down upon the stranded barge. Pretending to save the cargo, they loaded their boats and rowed away up some creek.

Among the leaders of these bands of bad men, Mike Fink deserves to rank with Colonel Fluger in his long career of piracy and bloodshed. Fink had no permanent lair, but floated on his barge up and down the river, wherever wind or current chose to take him.

He began his career on the river as a barge laborer. He was aggressive, mean-tempered, and always ready for a fight. Nature had favored him with an immense form. Where ordinary men had ribs, Fink had a corrugated growth of thick bone, solid as the shell of a tortoise. This bone had stopped the point of many a hunting knife, and, like a coat of mail, had turned aside countless bullets. With his long arms Fink would encircle his adversaries and crush them to death. Shunned by men of his calling, and feared by masters, his repeated murders finally drove him to the life of a freebooter. Out of his savings he built a barge at Louisville, and, laying in a cargo of cheap goods, and gathering a crew of desperate men, he set

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out for the Mississippi River to trade with the Indians. That was in 1807. For fifteen years he continued to be a sneaking, treacherous heartless pirate, known to every child from Pittsburg to New Orleans, the bare mention of whose name made merchants tremble and river captains curse.

Underhanded in all his dealings, Fink was never known to openly attack a boat. His favorite method of capturing a coveted cargo was to tie up beside the craft at night, and pass liquor to the crew until they became too drunk to offer resistance. Then his men would go aboard, bind the captain and all those who were sober, and carry away the money and merchandise. Fink knew every creek, bayou and cut-off on the river; so it was no hard matter for him to guide his craft with the stolen plunder to a place of safety; and by changing the brands on barrels and boxes, he boldly carried the goods to the nearest market.

Another scheme often practiced by Fink was to fall in with a barge and travel with it for a day or two, picking up an acquaintance with the captain and crew. Next to drinking, the great weakness of the bargemen was gambling, and in Fink's gang were numerous sharpers who would purposely lose the first night in order to renew the game the second. When the barges tied up side by side, the men would go ashore, build a fire, and begin to play. Fink would then quietly send aboard the stranger three or four vil-

"'HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SAY IN DEFENSE OF YOUR CAREER OF MURDER AND ROBBERY ON THIS RIVER?'"

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lains, who with large augurs would bore holes in the bottom. At the proper time, Fink would look casually toward the craft over his cards and remark:—

"'Pears to me, Capt'n, 'at yore boat's a sinkin'. She looks mighty low in the worter."

A stampede to the boats would follow. Fink, after offering some impractical advice, would end by saying:—

"Might transfer your cargo—leastwise, the valuable part of it—to my boat. She ain't got nothin' of a load, as I carried a cargo up to St. Louis an' am a-goin' back to New Orleans light."

Of course the captain would accept the generous offer, and the two crews would begin at once to transfer the cargo. As soon as the most valuable part had been removed, Fink would give orders to shove off.

To the robbed captain's protest this was Fink's invariable answer:—

"No use to complain, Cap'n, it's your own bargain; you agreed to it. An' you can trust me, anyhow; I'm Mike Fink. Ever heerd of me? Reckon you'll speak of me to your friends back home." And when the bargemen looked for their weapons there were none to be found, for Mike Fink's men had thrown them all into the river.

At another time Fink would steer close to a loaded barge, and representing himself as the agent of some well known St. Louis firm, open negotiations for the cargo. Trying to beat the captain down on his price, Fink would finally yield with a show of considerable displeasure; and the two barges would then proceed to the shore, where Fink, standing beside the gangplank, would figure every barrel, box and bale, with all the detail and show of a legitimate transaction, drawling out:—

"The cargo amounts to such and such. My firm 'ill send you a check for it to New Orleans; you don't need to bother your head about collectin' it now."

At that he would dodge behind a barrel, and with every man of his gang waiting for that signal to do the same, would cover the astonished captain and crew with a heterogeneous lot of weapons. Although there was little for a captain under these circumstances to do but to put off down the river, sometimes one would show fight; but the battle was always with Fink and his men, protected behind the stolen goods.

During the last years of his river life he had associated with him two men—Tobin, the only man who ever whipped Fink in a rough and tumble fight, and Campbell, his only equal with the rifle.

One day, Fink having boasted that he could fill a pint tin cup one-quarter full of whiskey, paste a bit of paper over it, and put a bullet through the side at a distance of forty yards without spilling a drop of the contents, all his comrades save Campbell laughed. The latter, to show his confidence in Fink's aim, said he would let him shoot the cup from the top of his head. Fink made

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good his boast, and after the bullet had passed through the cup on Campbell's head, the latter took it down and drank the whiskey.

With the coming of the steamboat Fink's piratical career came to an end. In 1822, with Campbell, Tobin and several others of the old freebooting gang, he went up the Missouri to the mouth of the Yellowstone, where he became a trapper and trader in a small way among the Indians. Here Campbell and Fink were rivals for the affections of a young squaw, whom they christened Jule Ann. Campbell was the victor, and married the squaw according to the custom of the people. Fink accused him of treachery, and a bitter quarrel followed. Through the mediation of Tobin, bloodshed, however, was averted, and the two men prepared to pledge friendship once more in the usual way. They tossed a coin for first shot. The lot falling to Fink, he became almost hilarious, slapping Campbell on the back and joking him about his wife; but Campbell was depressed.

"The chance was agin' me," he said gloomily; "I ain't never a-comin' out of it this time alive."

Acting on his premonition of disaster, Campbell disposed of his sole possessions, his rifle and revolver, giving the former to Tobin and the latter to his wife, Jule Ann. Then he took the marked cup, and stepping off forty yards, placed the target on his head and folded his arms across his chest. Fink raised the rifle, took aim, lowered the weapon, aimed a second time, and fired. Campbell fell with a hole in the centre of his forehead. Fink coolly blew the smoke out of his rifle barrel and called:—

"Say, Campbell, did you spill that 'ere whiskey?"

When Tobin told him Campbell was dead, he replied:—

"Well, that's blamed unlucky for him. Must 'a' riz up on 'is toes as I pulled the trigger, 'cause I sure tuck a squar' bean on that 'ere cup."

Jule Ann set up a terrible wail, and was presently joined in her mourning song for the dead by the other women of the camp, sitting in a circle on the ground. Toward morning, Fink, having filled himself with whiskey, staggered up to the sorrowful circle and began to mimic their lamentations. They paid no attention to him. He approached Jule Ann. and taking her roughly by the shoulder, said:—

"I killed him 'cause he beat me out 'o you. Howl, now; howl!"

The next instant a pistol flashed in his face, he clasped his hands to his forehead, whirled

round and round like a dog seeking a bed in a snow bank, and plunged forward, dead. Jule Ann had found his vulnerable spot.

A few months later Tobin was drowned while trying to swim the Upper Missouri, and with him perished the last of the Mississippi River pirates, the most romantic and picturesque outlaws of the American continent.

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THE UNEMPLOYED RICH.

Life of the "Sporting Set" at Newport. Typical Day of an Athletic Girl.

By Mary Manners.

[This is not fiction, but represents a typical day of a member of the young athletic set whose strenuous activity is a characteristic feature of Newport life.]

IF there is a thing poor old Mrs. Dangerfield does not understand, it is "sport" as indulged in by *ladies*. Consequently it is a never-ending source of bewilderment and vexation to her that her daughter Harriet should ride, drive, bicycle, swim, sail, play tennis, golf, or whatever muscular game is particularly in vogue; keep terriers, (thin, well-trained terriers; not the over-fed, obstinate old lap-dogs of the past), call half the men of her acquaintance by their Christian names, and have her own disgracefully shortened to "Harry" by her girl friends.

She often declares that the few minutes before she goes to bed are the only ones she is allowed to spend in Harriet's society—and she might add that they are extremely likely to be unsatisfactory minutes, for between mother and child there is a great gulf fixed.

In Mrs. Dangerfield's youth women took personal pains about their houses and their complexions; they learned to sew beautifully; they played croquet in high-heeled slippers, and rode in trailing habits on saddles whose great curving horns seemed designed for the impalement of what the novels of the day called "the fair equestrian." She had been considered a beauty, and she still had the little gracious mysteries and mannerisms of her high estate. Too dignified to be vain, she was yet exceedingly particular as to the color of her gowns, the shape of her bonnet, and the set of her white, curled hair. She had a feeling of patriarchal responsibility for her poor neighbors, her young relations, her old servants, and her older china. She performed her religious and social duties with an equal amount of formal precision. She considered cold water a barbarism, hurry of any kind undignified, and she would as soon have thought of breaking all the Commandments at once as of raising her voice in a public place.

Harriet, who wore her hair straight because nature had given her straight hair, who plunged into an icy bath as soon as her eyes were open, whose wardrobe consisted of tailor-made garments differing only from her brother's in the point of trousers, who considered a short white duck skirt, an embroidered shirt and sailor hat "dress enough" for anything but a garden party (to which entertainment cart-ropes would not have dragged her), who played tennis till half past twelve, swam until one, ate a hearty luncheon at half-past, was off in the electric machine (which she ran herself) to the golf links before three, back again to ride at five, and invisible during the brief hour she allowed for springing into her evening gown before she whirled out to dinner and innumerable rubbers of bridge-whist—Harriet was becoming year by year a more and more incomprehensible problem to her mother.

Harriet was twenty-three; she had been "out" for five years and had not married. Mrs. Dangerfield considered this unfortunate circumstance due to the influences of "sport." Harriet did not consider it at all; and, if she had, she would indignantly have denied that there was anything unfortunate about it. But then she belonged to a generation which does not regard marriage as the aim and object of a woman's life, while her mother came of that which believed a bad husband to be better than none at all. Perhaps the inconveniences suffered in the society of the late Mr. Dangerfield had been forgotten in the tender mist which now surrounded his memory.

The two ladies inhabited a neat little vine-covered villa in a quiet corner of Newport. No swaying omnibusses filled with eager-eyed tourists lurched past their door. No loud, explanatory roar of drivers, conveying to the outside world the names and private histories of every rich and notable householder, disturbed their seclusion. The clang

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of an electric bell and the sudden rush and whirr of an automobile round the corner were the only sounds which broke in upon the decent hum and rumble of everyday life; except when the voices of Harriet's friends—clear and shrill, or deep and sonorous, according to the sex of their owners—resounded through the house and caused Mrs. Dangerfield to shudder in silent protest. That any young man should feel sufficiently at ease with you to shout your name from the hall door as a signal that he was ready to ride with you—that any young woman should know you well enough to invade the privacy of your bedroom without previously ascertaining that her presence would be acceptable—these were things unforgivable in her code.

But if she disapproved of the behavior of most of Harriet's friends to Harriet, she disapproved even more of Harriet's own behavior to the only person who had shown—to her eyes—unmistakable signs of desiring to lay his heart and fortune at that young lady's active feet.

This was Mr. Brownly, a widower of charming and courtly manners; "without encumbrances" (by which Mrs. Dangerfield meant children); with a large establishment that only needed a woman at the head of it, and a large income for that woman to spend as she pleased. He was as good-natured as his natural dignity, coupled with a certain quaint shyness, permitted. He was not at all too old for Harriet—in the good old times fifteen or twenty years was accounted a very proper difference between husband and wife; he was more than usually good-looking; his principles were most trustworthy; in fact, he would make an admirable son-in-law, and, if Harriet would only see it, an ideal match in every way.

But Harriet would not see it. She insisted upon treating him as a friend of the house. She commended his flowers and tasted his hot-house grapes and peaches with an air of artless horticultural interest which greatly irritated Mrs. Dangerfield. She yawned secretly when he philosophized with her mother, and laughed openly when he attempted to discuss athletic matters with herself. She persisted in regarding him as an old fogy, and escaped from his presence whenever a decent opportunity offered.

Mrs. Dangerfield chafed inwardly, but did not dare give vent to the reproofs which were constantly hovering upon her lips, lest she should hasten the very catastrophe she was laboring to avoid. She knew that if Harriet once refused Mr. Brownly, no second chance would be given her; her object was therefore to stave off the proposal which she felt was imminent, until she could persuade her daughter into a more satisfactory state of mind than had been heretofore possible. Harriet had lately been pleased to accept a fox-terrier puppy from him, and her mother could not but trust she was less vigorously antagonistic.

Unfortunately, Mr. Brownly's affairs called him abroad about this time. The emergency was sudden and urgent, and he felt he must ask his question and receive his answer before he sailed.

Mrs. Dangerfield, the confidant of his decorous wishes, did not venture to encourage him with more than her own earnest hopes, but she promised him that her daughter should be at home the next day to accord him the interview he demanded, and she promised herself that Harriet should be

"A WELL-DEVELOPED FIGURE IN A WHITE DRESSING GOWN TWISTING UP ITS STRAIGHT YELLOW HAIR."

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made fully aware of the advantages about to be offered to her before that interview took place.

Mindful of a vulgar proverb concerning early birds and worms, the good lady, who always breakfasted upstairs, hardly waited for her shutters to be opened the next morning before sending the maid with a message that "Miss Harriet would be pleased to stop and speak to her mother for a moment on her way down," and she smiled a little, sleepily, to herself, as she anticipated the success of this manœuvre.

The smile faded, however, and she became suddenly and uncomfortably wide-awake when the woman came back with the information that Miss Dangerfield's room was empty, and the housemaid rather thought she had had an early cup of coffee and gone out for a ride. This was the more discouraging that she had left no word when she might return, and Mrs. Dangerfield looked discontentedly at her own reflection in the glass while she was having her hair done, and wished that the girls of the present day were less independent or the mothers more determined. She sighed several times as she dressed and read the paper, but brightened a little when, on returning from her daily interview with the cook, she learned that Miss Harriet had come in, had ordered breakfast to be ready in twenty minutes, and was then in her room changing her habit.

"Just wait a minute, mamma," called the deep, rather boyish voice, "and I'll let you in. Sorry I was out if you wanted me."

Mrs. Dangerfield waited, and the door was presently thrown open, revealing a well-developed, vigorous figure in a white dressing gown twisting up its straight yellow hair with strong, sun-burned hands. Harriet's eyes were blue, and her cheeks had a clear red-brown color, unchangeable and charming.

Her mother kissed her. "You were out early," she said, by way of a beginning. "I hope that means you are going to spend the rest of the morning with me."

Harriet laughed and shook her head. "I'm afraid not," she answered, rapidly securing the smooth knot at the back of her head with big tortoise-shell hairpins. "I told Reggie I could try that pony of his only from eight till nine because I was going to be busy later. It's a tennis match at ten o'clock—Tommy Constant and I against

"TYING HER CRAVAT WITH MAN-LIKE ATTENTION TO THE LENGTH OF THE TWO ENDS."

Lena Miles and Jack Seabury—it's the final game of the Mixed Doubles. And on my way to the Casino I have to stop and see the 'vet' about Vampire—I'm sure she has distemper. And I haven't had my real breakfast yet, you know, and directly after—"

But Mrs. Dangerfield, glad of the mention of Vampire's name, seized the opportunity and interrupted briskly.

"Speaking of Vampire," she said, "her late owner is going abroad suddenly on business, and is very anxious to see you today to say good-bye. I told him I thought you'd be at home this morning."

"I dare say he'll survive it if I'm not," returned Miss Dangerfield, carelessly. "He can say good-bye to you just as well."

"I think he wants particularly to see you, my dear. He has something important to say to you."

"If it's about the puppy," exclaimed Harriet, "he may save himself the trouble. I know more about puppies in a day than he does in a year, that's certain."

"It isn't about the puppy," said Mrs. Dangerfield shortly. "He wishes to—that is to say, he is extremely fond of you——"

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She hesitated a moment, and before she could arrange a sentence to her satisfaction, the shrill voice of one of her daughter's innumerable girl friends came ringing up the staircase, only slightly ahead of a pair of flying feet.

"Harry, oh Harry! *Do* you think you'll be lunching with us at the Clam Bake Club, or with the others at Gooseberry Island?"

The door swung open and the intruder bounded in, laughing and chattering with the utmost good nature and volubility.

Mrs. Dangerfield drew herself up to her full height and prepared to leave the room. "I will finish what I was saying to you later, Harriet," she observed, with cold politeness, from the doorway.

"Very well, mamma," returned Harriet, who had by this time got herself into a short white skirt and a pleated shirt and was tying her cravat with a man-like attention to the length of the two ends. "Very well. I'll come to you the moment I get in. That will be some time before dinner, I suppose."

AN EARLY CUP OF COFFEE.

She had caught up a sailor hat, a tennis racquet and a pair of gloves, and was half way down the hall before her mother had time to realize the full meaning of the words.

She went and leaned over the banister with a feeling of helpless anger. She could not discuss family matters before a stranger, but one more effort she must make, feeble as she knew it to be.

"*Can't* you manage to lunch at home today?" she asked, trying to seem amiable while she infused as much significance as possible into the question.

"I don't see how I can, mamma," replied Miss Harriet, lightly, from half way down the stairs. "You see, I promised to lunch with Tommy if I won, and with Jack if I lost. They're both giving parties. It's all right,"—reassuringly—"their mothers are chaperoning."

Mrs. Dangerfield suppressed an exclamation. "Their mothers!"

That those dignified and distinguished ladies, Mrs. Constant and Mrs. Seabury, should be known to this irreverent generation only as the mothers of their boys. The mothers of a Tommy and a Jack! It was disgraceful. But she could not stop to reprove now.

"Shall you not come back to the house to change your dress?" she inquired.

"Why, no. I sha'n't have time," answered the young voice from below. "I've got a bet that I can beat Reggie at 'squash' after my tennis match is over, and then I'm going to the beach for a swim. I ordered the machine to meet me at the Casino, and I told Marie to pack some clean things in a bag and send them up by it, so I'll be all right. Don't worry."

"And what am I to say to Mr. Brownly?" asked her mother in despair.

"Tell him to stop at the Casino and see me win," replied Harriet. "Come on, Jennie; I've only time for a bite. It's getting awfully late. If your trap is here you can take me with you directly. Your pony is fast, isn't he?"

The two figures disappeared from sight, and Mrs. Dangerfield retired, baffled and indignant, to her room. For a moment she had meditated following them and compelling her daughter's attention, but she feared that her cause would suffer by it; and still halting between two minds, she heard the screen-door bang a few moments later, and the sound of rolling wheels and the thud of the pony's feet growing faint in the distance.

About eleven o'clock Mr. Brownly was announced, and she went down with what

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grace she could to greet him. She dwelt upon Harriet's sense of responsibility about the tennis-match with an earnestness that would have done no discredit to Harriet herself. She insinuated that the winning of it would lose half its charm if Harriet's friends were not there to congratulate her. And who, she asked, was more her friend than Mr. Brownly? The engagement to lunch she supposed was of long standing, but perhaps something might occur to break it. (She was far too dignified and stately to look arch as she said this, but she made the insinuation with a certain gracious slyness.)

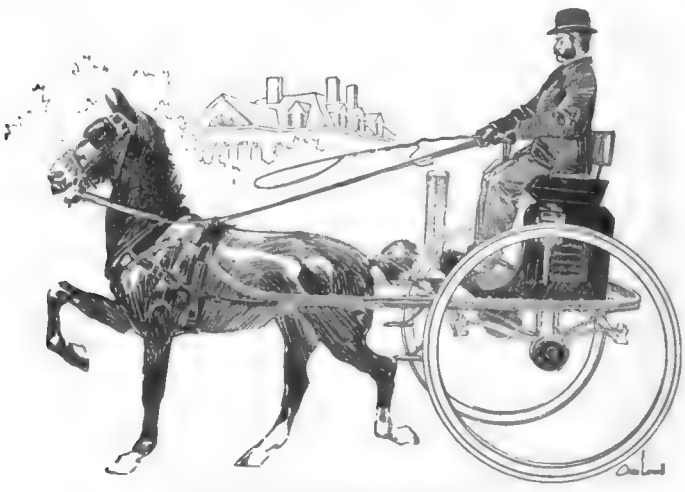
Mr. Brownly did not much fancy pursuing his life's happiness among racing figures and flying balls, but there seemed no help for it, and he was a determined man in a furtive way. After a little more conversation with his prospective mother-in-law, he took his leave amid many expressions of her esteem and good-will.

From the window she watched his departure, heartily approving of him, and wishing as heartily that her daughter, having had the good luck to attract him, might not lack the good sense to accept him.

The morning wore away. She wrote letters in her fine old-fashioned hand; she darned a thin place in a beautiful old tablecloth with her fine old-fashioned stitches; she sat down to her solitary luncheon. The afternoon waned, and never a word came to her of Mr. Brownly and his quest.

That gentleman, meanwhile, sitting very erect in his high cart and glancing with some complacency at his high-stepping horse, had driven rapidly away, and turned the corner into Bellevue Avenue with less than his accustomed caution. The day was brilliantly blue and gold, and the breeze came fresh from the sea. The little two-storied shops on each side of the street were gay with gowns, flowered hats, and driving cloaks, with furniture stuffs and rugs, with Mexican baskets and gorgeous blankets. A hairdresser's window displayed the most enticing curled fronts for the use of those ladies whose own ringlets could not defy the fog. A Japanese booth proclaimed in large letters that an assortment of cotillon favors might be found within. The shop-keepers stood at their doors and conversed amiably with their patrons or acquaintances. In front of and opposite to the Casino—for a block, indeed, on either side—carriages, hacks and automobiles of all kinds stood waiting. People, laughing and talking, sauntered in or out under the archway. Occasionally some man would beckon to his trap or his automobile, spring in, and dash away as if something important demanded immediate attention.

Mr. Brownly drew up at the entrance between a puffing "Winton" and a panting "Panard," and descended. As he crossed the round lawn inside the ring of the Casino building he could hear a sudden burst of clapping—evidently the tribute to some particularly good stroke. He ascended the steps leading to the curved piazza where the



"SITTING VERY ERECT IN HIS HIGH CART."

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band plays. On the other side lay the tennis courts, and to them he quickly made his way. A large group of onlookers was dissolving from about the one nearest to him, but many of the others were occupied, and had each its little audience.

Short skirts and flying feet, trailing skirts and many-colored parasols, white trousers and sun-burned arms that worked hard, blue serge figures that stood about in loitering attitudes—Mr. Brownly scanned them all and asked several of them for information.

Miss Dangerfield, it appeared, had just won her match, and was receiving congratulations, in company with her partner, on the piazza of the tennis court building at the farther end of the grounds. Mr. Brownly hastened in that direction.

Again a group dissolved, this time a small one, and he learned with chagrin that Miss Dangerfield had just begun to play "squash" with a certain Reggie, for whom Mr. Brownly at one conceived a perfectly unfounded dislike.

He was guided to the "squash court," and had the pleasure of looking down through a wire netting at the lady of his affections as she vigorously batted and smashed balls in the walled space below. He ventured to address her, but as she only looked up to nod, and as the expression of her face did not encourage further interruption, he asked an imbecile-looking young gentleman (who was sitting next him sucking the top of his racquet) how long the game was likely to last, and went outside to wait. He dared her displeasure sufficiently to call out what he was going to do, and then betook himself to marching up and down the piazza with his hands in his pockets and a very gloomy expression of countenance. If Miss Dangerfield's appearance had been the least less neat and trim and splendidly, healthily vigorous, he thought he should have been almost tempted to—well—*not* wait. As it was, he tried to possess his soul in patience, and to reflect that when she became his wife—if she *did* become his wife, as her mother evidently believed she would—she should have less time to devote to athletic exercises. At this moment she appeared, flushed and triumphant, followed, as usual, by a train of boys and girls. He stepped forward.

"I have been waiting for some time to speak to you, Miss Dangerfield, although I arrived too late to congratulate you upon your victory. Are you going home? May I have the pleasure of——"

"Oh, I'm not going home," said Harriet. "Thank you very much. I'm going to the beach. Why don't you come, too? It will be bully in bathing today."

"I will go if I may drive you up," Mr. Brownly was beginning, when she again interrupted.

"Thanks very much; I promised to take Lena Miles with me in my machine; but if you've got room I wish you'd take Reggie—Mr. Moneypenny, Mr. Brownly—— He wants a lift because he forgot to order his trap or something, and both my steps are engaged. Tommy spoke for the right, and Jack for the left."

And to his disgust, Mr. Brownly presently found himself driving a big, solemn-looking blond youth up Bellevue Avenue in the wake of Miss Dangerfield's "machine," which echoed with laughter and bulged with boys' legs. He wondered if she would always insist upon having a man sitting on each of her carriage steps.

She was already in the bath-house when he reached the beach; and sitting under the pavilion with the few finely clothed and righteously-minded persons who had collected to watch the bathers, he had the pleasure of hearing her figure amiably commented upon as she walked across the sand. He hastened to join her.

"Miss Dangerfield, you are rather cruel. Can't you give me a few moments when I want so much—so *particularly* to say something to you?"

"Why, not *here*, very well, can I?" she replied, smiling. "But I'll tell you what. I'll take a short swim and come back and dress in no time. I won't stay in more than fifteen minutes."

"And you'll let me drive you home?"

"I'm very sorry—I'm lunching at Gooseberry; but if you're sure you don't mind waiting, there'll be plenty of time for us to have a talk after I come out, before I need start. Sorry to hear you're going abroad."

She was hailed by a boy in a violently striped jersey ("Reggie," he thought, vindictively), and plunging into the water, she was soon swimming toward the raft, which seemed today to be, somehow, farther off than usual.

Mr. Brownly watched her climb upon it and sit there in company with the violently

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striped jersey and several others. He saw her dive. He saw her swim out to sea and back again to the raft. There was more climbing, more sitting, more laughter and talk blown toward him by the breeze. She was standing up to dive again. Surely she was coming back now. But minute after minute passed, and she still played like a mermaid in the waves, oblivious to the flight of time and his very existence. He was a patient man, but when half an hour had stretched to three-quarters he went home.

Mrs. Dangerfield absolutely flew to meet her daughter when, just before the clock struck seven, she heard that young lady's firm, swinging step in the hall.

"Well," she said. "Well, Harriet, have you no news for me?"

"Yes, indeed," returned Miss Dangerfield, cheerfully. "I've had a perfectly ripping day! I won the tennis match this morning, and I had a splendid game of squash with Reggie afterward, and then we had a bully swim, and then we lunched at Gooseberry, and then I took him over to the golf club and beat him round the ladies' course—he's only a beginner at golf—and then we went down to the yacht club dock, licketty split, just in time to see the thirty-footers go out—they were late today—and then we took Tommy's boat and went out ourselves to watch the race, and a squall struck us and capsized us. Oh, it was such fun! We climbed up on the side and sat there till Jack, who was out with Lena, came and took us off. I'm wringing wet under my driving coat——"

"And Mr. Brownly?" gasped Mrs. Dangerfield, forgetful for once of her daughter's health.

"Mr. Brownly wasn't with us."

"Haven't you seen him?"

"No—yes. Oh, good gracious! He followed us about all the morning, and finally I promised I'd come out of the water in time to talk to him before I went off to lunch, and I quite forgot. The boys were daring me to dive. I suppose he got tired of waiting and went home. He wasn't there, I know,

"WHEN WE WERE SITTING ON THAT BOAT."

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when I was dressed. I wonder what he wanted?"

"He wanted to propose to you," said her mother despairingly; "but he never will now! Harriet, you will die an old maid!"

Harriet laughed. "I shouldn't mind much," she said. "But, as it happens, Reggie Moneypenny proposed to me this afternoon when we were sitting on that boat in the water. He said he liked my pluck!"

"He is three years younger than you are," wailed her mother. "You might have had a man, and you choose a mere boy."

"That doesn't make any difference to me," said Harriet. "We both have the same tastes. We are both 'sports.' "

WORK WITH THE HANDS.*

The Moral Value of Manual Training and Labor—A New Educational Epoch —An Autobiographical Example.

NUMBER TWO

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THE cursory inspection of the life of the people of my race to which I have referred in a preceding article, led me to make a closer study of their needs, that I might try to answer the question, What the Tuskegee Institute could do to help them? Even before beginning work at Tuskegee I had had a feeling that in too many cases, in educational and missionary effort, the temptation was to run each individual through a certain educational mould, regardless of the condition of the subject or the end to be accomplished. In plainer words, the temptation was yielded to, it seemed to me, to do in many places and at the present time the same thing for a people that was being done in a community a thousand miles away or that had been done for other people a thousand years before, without paying attention to the actual life and needs of the people by whom the educational institution was surrounded.

I thought it well in the beginning to make something of a study of the history and environments of the people with whom I was dealing and whom I was so anxious to help. In making this historical and sociological study a basis for our work, it soon became apparent that we were to try at Tuskegee to take part in the education of a race that had had little or no necessity to labor in its native land—Africa—before being brought to America; and which consequently had had little incentive to labor. This was true chiefly because the tropical climate had generously supplied the inhabitants of Africa, without effort on their part, with the few things needful for the support of the body. I had read the story of a native African going to sleep on his back in the morning under a banana tree, with his mouth open, feeling quite sure that before noon a providential banana would fall into it.

This investigation further led us to the fact that, while it was true that the native African had little occasion to work with his hands while in the land of his nativity, by the end of his period of slavery in this country he had gone through about two hundred and fifty years of the most severe hard work. We were aware that many friends of the race argued from this fact, that the American Negro, of all people, ought to be excused from further hand training, especially while in school. Many said that the Negro had been worked for centuries, and that now that the race was free there ought to be a change. At Tuskegee we said, in answer to this, that it was true that the race had been worked in slavery, but that the great lesson which the race needed to learn in freedom was *to work*. We

* For the preceding article see the September number.

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said that there was a great difference between *being worked* and *working*, and that this was the difference which our institution principally wished to emphasize. We argued that, because during the days of slavery labor was, as a rule, *forced out* of the Negro, he had acquired a distaste for labor. As a general thing, the whole machinery of slavery was not calculated to beget a spirit of love of labor.

Since this was true, we said that at Tuskegee we should try to build up a school which would assist in a modest way to help an individual not only to see the necessity for labor, but which would also teach him that there was dignity, beauty, cultivation, and civilizing power in the intelligent labor of the hand. We said that we should try to teach our students to lift labor up out of drudgery and toil into an atmosphere where it would be attractive, where it would be something to be sought rather than something to be dreaded and escaped if possible. Further than this, we wanted to teach men and women to put brains into the labor of the hand, and to show that it was possible for one with the most complete mental training to work with the hands without feeling that he was disgraced.

While we were considering our plans at Tuskegee a good many people very naturally argued, as they had done years before with General Armstrong, at Hampton, that all that the Negro youth needed was mental and religious training; that all else would take care of itself. In part answer to this argument we pointed to the history of our people in the Republic of Hayti, where they were freed many years before freedom came to our race in the Southern United States. A large number of the leading Haytians, during a long period of years, had been given the most thorough mental training, not only in Hayti, but in France; and the Catholic Church had kept the people surrounded from birth with religious influences. In philosophy, in the languages, there had been many individuals in that island who had distinguished themselves; yet we knew that it was a sad fact that Hayti did not prosper; and it was the almost universal verdict that the island had gone backward instead of forward, being compelled each year to import more than it exported.

We said that here was one of the richest countries in the world in natural resources, possessing fertile soil, minerals, valuable woods, spices, and all kinds of tropical fruits; and yet the Republic as a whole was without decent roads, bridges, railroads, without agricultural and mineral development, and the people lived almost wholly upon the primitive products of undisturbed nature. These products were harvested by the most ignorant classes, and the greater portion of the workers were women. I have been told on good authority, that the majority of the educated people in the island took up the professions; and that since there was almost no industrial development of the country, the lawyer, of course, soon found himself without clients; and he, in common with others of the educated classes, spent a large part of his time in writing poetry or in discussing subjects in abstract science, or in influencing revolutions.

Within recent years, I may add here, I have received most urgent appeals from Hayti and San Domingo for advice and assistance in the direction of educating industrial and scientific leaders. The best friends of Hayti and San Domingo now feel and see that a tremendous mistake has been made. They now see that if the people had been taught, in the beginning of their freedom, that all forms of idleness were a disgrace, and that all forms of labor, whether with the head or with the hand, were honorable, the country today would not be in such poverty; that they would have fewer revolutions, because the people would have industries to occupy their time, thoughts and strength.

When any people, regardless of race or geographical location, have not been trained to habits of industry, have not in their youth been given skill of hand, and been taught to love labor, one of the results that follows is the development of an idle people who spend a great deal of their time in planning how to live by their wits. If in a community the people have been educated mentally and not in industry, they not only are likely to spend a large part of their time trying to live without honest, productive labor, but, as in the case of Hayti, they are prone to spend valuable hours in discussing politics, and in conspiring how to overthrow the Government. I have noted, too, that when a people in any community have not had intelligent hand training, or have not been taught habits of thrift and industry, they are continually fretting because of

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the fear that no one will be left to earn a living for them. There are few more dismal and discouraging sights than to see the men of almost a whole community given up to idle gossip and political discussion. I have seen more than a dozen men, in one small place, take their seats under a tree, or on the shady side of the street, as early as eight o'clock in the morning and discuss politics until noon. At noon they would go home to dinner, but they would return by one o'clock and spend the remainder of the day discussing the same subject; and their greatest exertion during the whole time would be put forth in moving, as the day passed, from the sunny side of the street or tree to the shady side. The most curious thing about such people, too, is the fact that they are continually wondering why "times are hard," and why there is so little money in circulation in their community.

The thoughtful and progressive men in the Republics of Hayti and San Domingo now see and acknowledge that, while in the beginning of their freedom they needed professional men and women of the very highest type of scholarship, yet at the same time many of these scholars should have had, in addition to their other training, such scientific and industrial education as would have brought them into direct contact with the development of the material resources of the country. They now see that their country would have been vastly advanced beyond its present condition, materially, mentally, morally and religiously, if a larger proportion of the brightest youths had been given skill of the hand—had been taught scientific and practical methods of agriculture and the mechanical arts. They now see that some should have been taught to become civil engineers, mining engineers, sanitary engineers; and that many should have been taught to become architects and builders; and that, most of all, agriculture should have been developed. If this course had been followed in the earlier years of the freedom of the country, it is more than probable that at the present moment Hayti would have possessed commendable public roads, streets, bridges and railroads; and that its agricultural and mining resources would keep the country rich, prosperous and contented.

Instead of this, one of the richest islands in the world in natural products has to import a large proportion of its food and clothing. It is actually true that graduates from some of the best universities in France content themselves with wearing clothes imported from Europe, and with eating canned meats and vegetables brought from the United States, while at the same time these necessities of life can be produced at their very doors. Mental education is valuable, but mere head training which is not harnessed to something means little.

I ought to add that, in the respects that I have mentioned, Hayti is perhaps not worse off than some other South American republics which have made the same mistake. Those countries that have overlooked industrial training remind me of a story told by the late Mr. Henry W. Grady about a certain county in Georgia. The story related to a burial. Mr. Grady said that the grave was dug in the midst of a pine forest, but the pine coffin that contained the dead body was brought from Cincinnati. Near the grave hickory and other hard woods abounded, but the wagon on which the coffin was drawn came from South Bend, Indiana; and the mule that drew the wagon came from Missouri. Valuable minerals were near the cemetery, but the shovels and picks used in digging the grave came from Pittsburg, and their handles from Baltimore. The shoes in which the dead man was buried came from Lynn, Massachusetts; his coat and trousers from New York; his shirt from Lowell, Massachusetts; and the collar and tie about his throat from Philadelphia. The only things that the county, with all its natural resources, furnished, was the corpse and the hole in the ground; and Mr. Grady added that the county probably would have imported both of these if it could have done so.

In some cases my words have been so interpreted as to make me seem opposed to what is called the higher or more literary training. I am not. All such training has its place and value in the development of a race. Mere training of the hand without mental and moral training would mean little for my race. The three kinds of training should go together. While I do not advocate that every individual should have hand training, I do say that in all my contact with men I have never seen a man who had learned a trade in youth who in manhood experienced regret that he had done so; nor have I ever seen a mother and father who

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experienced regret that their children had been taught trades. Every kind of education has its place in the growth of a race or a nation. In the case of Hayti, no one who considers carefully what I have said will doubt for a moment that at present there would be fifty per cent. more education given in the island, in the higher and purely literary branches, if years ago the people there had begun laying the foundation for their civilization in industrial education. Had that been done, those who compose the present generation would have a foundation upon which to stand. They would be in such a prosperous condition that, in a logical and natural manner, they would give their children opportunities to acquire the broadest cultivation.

In my opinion, we cannot begin at the top to build a race any more than we can begin at the roof to build a house. If we try to do this, in the end we shall reap the results of our folly.

As I have said, I began to try to look directly into the question of what the Tuskegee Institute could do for the people about the school in their condition at that time. As the students began to enter the institution, I commenced asking these questions: What can these students find to do when they return to their homes? What is the industry by which they and their parents have been supporting themselves? In securing answers to these questions I confess that the occupations which were revealed were not in some cases to my liking; but that was not the point. I wanted to face a condition, not a theory. What I might have wanted them to be doing was mere fancy. What they actually were doing was the bed-rock upon which I wanted to start the work at Tuskegee.

In answering my questions I found out that by far the majority of the young students came from agricultural districts, and from homes where agriculture in some form constituted the backbone of the support of the family life. Inquiring further into the matter, I found out that not far from eighty-five per cent. of the entire population of what are commonly designated as the Gulf States live either directly or indirectly by agriculture, the remainder being employed in very diverse vocations.

(To be continued.)

SOME GOLF TERMS.

Defined and Designed by A. B. Frost.

"A halved match."

"Going out very fast."

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